

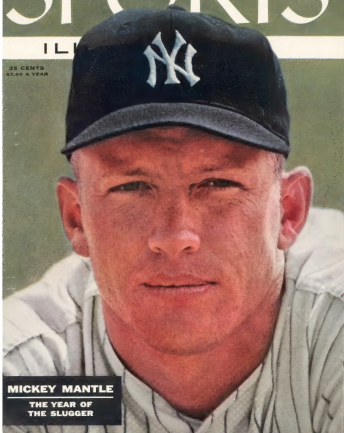
WEEKLY

JUNE 18, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR



MICKEY MANTLE

**THE YEAR OF
THE SLUGGER**



"Kent" and "Premier" are registered trademarks of A. W. T. Co., Inc.

If you smoke a lot, you'll relax even more with . . . KENT

Whether it's the 19th hole or smooth-riding stretch, you'll appreciate a Kent...with the *Microfine Filter* for high filtration, to help you keep your smoking moderate. It does something else, too . . . actually smooths the flavor of Kent's custom blend. That's why Kent *always* tastes clean and fresh. So why smoke anything less, especially if you play hard—and smoke a lot!



King Size
and Regular
length



COVER: MICKEY MANTLE
Photograph by Rip Penlin

Associated press on page 51

*All rights reserved under
 International and Pan-American
 Copyright Conventions.
 Copyright © 1986 by Time Inc.*

Short baseball fans first heard of Mickey Charles Mantle when he was only an 18-year-old shortstop with Jupiter, Fla. Then, they were told, is the most great baseball player. In the majors a series of ailments and accidents delayed Mantle's rise to that exalted level, but now the abundance of hits, and especially home runs, springing from his bat make it seem all so true. By now he seems ready to accept the responsibility of being the new Babe Ruth (see page 11).

THE MANTLE OF RUTH

At 24, Mickey Mantle finally joins Ruthian status. A report by ROBERT CREAGER

11

SPECTACLE: PARIS RACE WEEK

Liberty, égalité and elegance are watchwords as the racing crowds descend on Autruil and Longchamp

16

FOOTBALL: HOW THE COLLEGES HARVEST THEIR CROP

High schools are the fertile fields, and BENJAMIN HENDERSON tells how their stars are reared and won

26

HOW TO PRINT YOUR FISH

This strange and ancient Japanese art creates your catch in beauty and detail. By ELAINE ST. MAUR

52

THE 'FINISTERRE' REVOLUTION

Edna Brown tells how the amazing Bermuda Race favorite is changing the face of ocean racing

56

THE DEPARTMENTS

- **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 21
- **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 29
- **SCOREBOARD** 33
- **COMING EVENTS** 35
- **THE OUTDOOR WEEK** 42
- **THE 15TH HOLE** 73
- **PAT ON THE BACK** 74

- **Hotties:** JIMMY JEMILL asks: Do women have qualities that make them the equal of men in big-game fishing? 4
- **Tip from the Top:** JACK BAKER advises you to raise your eye to the clouds 26
- **Racing:** MARTIN KANE tells how Floyd Patterson beat Harrison Jackson, at some cost 41
- **Track & Field:** BOB TINKELL analyzes the first of California's three pre-Olympic weekends 47
- **Horse Racing:** WILFRED TOWERS surveys the Belmont Stakes and discusses speed and stamina 49
- **Yesterday:** HANK DUNLORD recalls the day when the great Lou Gehrig, fatally ill, turned over the Yankees' first base spot to him 64
- **Sporting Looks:** The merchant gold pros of today have learned there's more in selling clothes than in selling clubs 69

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A LOOK AT THE LEFTIES

Warren Spahn, the decade's most successful southpaw, symbolizes the promise and problems, past and present, of the left-handed pitcher

THE U.S. OPEN

From Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester, N.Y., Herbert Warren Wind reports the hope and heartbreak of golf's great drama





"It has been a signal success!"

That's the truth, too. Our vodka's a signal success in Martinis, screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, vodka-and-tonics and sales manager's reports. All because we distill Hiram Walker's Vodka clearer than the glass that holds it—from pure American grain. An improvement? Gospodin, you should try it!



Hiram Walker's **Vodka**
(the plutocratic capitalistic)

80 AND 100 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



You're Independent with Motel Coffee Maker

For that eye opening breakfast snack here's a 2 cup electric percolator, water-heater or egg boiler, plastic cups, spoons, jars for powdered cream, sugar or spreads. In an insulated case with room for jar of instant coffee, tea or rolls. 117 volt \$11.00

Abercrombie & Fitch

362 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
 REMISE 3609, HYAVUSSE, WASH.
 CINCINNATI—YON LEISERBERG & SONS

RECOMMENDED FOR HORSE RACING

THE
 "SWIFT"

7x50
 "MARINER"
 BINOCULAR



CHOSEN BY EXPERTS

No matter where your horse finishes you ride the winner with this spirited, efficient, thoroughbred binocular. Made in Japan it takes the guesswork out of the far turn, discloses the odds on the tote board, reveals to you first the eye-catching finish. Of durable, lightweight alloy it shrugs off dust and moisture. Ideal for night or day use, it has coated lenses, individual focus. Don't be shut out of the high-flying excitement of the races — horses, jockeys or the four-minute mile; invest in the Mariner. \$45.00 With genuine necktie case and straps. **PLUCK TALK**

Other Swift Binoculars from \$15.00 plus tax. At your Swift Dealer or write direct and for information free booklet "How to Select the Right Binocular."

SWIFT & ANDERSON, INC.

Dept. S.I.-2

112 Boulevard Avenue
 St. Louis 20, Mo.



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions

Do women have qualities that make them the equal of men in big-game fishing? (Asked at the Sailfish Club, Palm Beach.)

JAMES B. DWYER

Manager
 Sailfish Club



I'd never say that the average fisherman is the equal of the average fisherman. The women themselves make no such claim.

But if a woman has fortitude and great interest, she can compete on equal terms in big-game fishing. No one is more determined than a tenacious woman.

MRS. JAMES W. SCOTT

Palm Beach



Yes. True, men are stronger, but I don't think that strength is the prime factor in big-game fishing. Patience, touch, desire and experience are factors. Furthermore, men have no monopoly on luck. Even the greatest fishermen will admit that luck plays the major role in big-game fishing.

CHARLIE CONY

West Palm Beach
 Captain of the Porpoise



The equal of men? Are you crazy? I think anglers are much better. In fact, I'm sure of it. I've taken lots of men and women fishing in my boat. The women usually end up with the biggest and best fish. It's happened too many times for me to be mistaken.

HARRY HANSEN

Palm Beach
 Captain of the Vaul



No, not for the really big fish. They don't have the necessary strength. You must be strong to handle the biggest fish. For smaller or fish like the snail, good, experienced women are the equal of the average man. But they can't come up to the top men, even with smaller fish.

MRS. GUSTAV (BOOTS) SCHIRMER

Groenrich, Conn.



No. When fishing for smaller fish like sailfish along the shoreline, some women can hold their own with men. If they don't get snook. But big-game fishing is too hard and exciting on women. If they were to fish with men, they'd be constantly in the way.

MRS. BAYARD STOCKTON III

Princeton, N.J.



No. Women can hook big fish as well as the men, but they can't bring them in. Struggling on a line for hours is a man's work. However, in the International Women's Fishing Tournament, I hooked five sailfish the first day. I think I could vie with men in this type of fishing.

NEW! ROLAND

world's smallest

ALL TRANSISTOR

bi-fidelity™

RADIO

with full 4" speaker!



Roland
SUBSIDIARY OF RADIOS

You can enjoy a full year of radio listening without changing batteries, in normal use, indoors or outdoors — in car, train, plane, boat — anywhere! This fabulous custom-built Roland with 6 transistors and **High Fidelity** push-pull audio system delivers the mighty power, keen sensitivity and rich tonal quality of large, costly, tube-type radios. Top Tuning control panel; ear-phone jack input for "private listening". "Reflex-camera-case" in ebony or tan top-grain leather, with gold-tone molded top. Adjustable strap for hand or over-the-shoulder carrying. **FREE!** Personalized signature kit.  It's the world's indoor-outdoor champ among transistor sets. Perfect for sportsmen to give, to get! At only \$59.95* you can afford the finest!

*Excludes higher West and South

ROLAND - CUSTOM DESIGNED-PRECISION ENGINEERED
ROLAND RADIO CORPORATION, 716 SOUTH COLUMBUS AVENUE, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

HOTBOX

continued from page 3

MRS. RICHARD FORMAN

Cocoanut Grove, Fla.



Mr. Not most women. They are like me. I was tickled pink when I caught a sailfish on a nine-thread line and won a prize. However, the woman who fishes every day, has strength and stamina, and doesn't stay up late at cocktail parties, is often the equal of men. Poor girl!

MAURICE B. FRANK

Hotel owner,
Palm Beach



Yes. Watch women fish and they'll soon convince you. Their excellent coordination compensates, in some measure, for the lack of physical strength. The split-second timing in handling a big fish is more important than strength. If you haven't got it you lose the fish.

JIMMY LYNN

Palm Beach, President,
The Plug
of the Month Club



In the technique of fishing, yes. A woman's handling and manipulation of tackle can be equal to that of a man's. And I believe they have a better touch. The only thing a woman lacks is physical strength. When she belongs in a vase, she's through for the day. The men go on.

NEXT WEEK:

*Is cockfighting cruel
and undisciplined?*



WHY KEEP WISHING:

"Gee, what I'd give for a shot like that!"

Not the pin-point shot you see a "Pro" come up with. We mean the so-called "ordinary" shots that can cut off the strokes. If you make them right.

These are the shots you can make . . . and more important, make regularly with Spalding Bobby Jones SYNCHRO-DYNED® clubs.

Because these *Regulated* clubs are made with Spalding's exclusive SYNCHRODYNED club system—a scientific and exact mathematical formula of weight coordination that makes every club in the set swing and deliver identical "contact feel."

It's this uniform swing-fee! that lets you use every club in the bag with consistently better results. Now you'll swing through every shot with confidence and full power . . . because all your Bobby Jones SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs feel alike.

Prove it to yourself that these clubs will do more to reduce the number of bad shots than any other clubs produced today.

And note the fine appearance of these better-playing clubs. The heads of the Bobby Jones irons feature an exclusive tough alloy steel with a glittering high-polish finish that lasts and lasts.

Play Spalding clubs and balls— golf's most winning combination.



SPALDING
GET TO THE FACE IN SPORTS



Spalding Jimmy Thomson woods—specially made for the power hitter. Bomber-type driver and deep-face fairway woods make these fine regulated SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs. See your Spalding dealer for that vital uniform swing-fee! you will find in Jimmy Thomson woods, made by Spalding.

the new way



to add spice to your life!



Old Spice
FOR MEN
BODY TALCUM

100
POUNDS

SHULTON NEW YORK • TORONTO

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



EXPLORATIONS "SPORTS"



DARTMOUTH "SPOTS"



DARTMOUTH "SPORTS"



DARTMOUTH "SPORTS"



MARYLAND "OLD LINE"

THE GOOD-HUMORED similarity between the magazine covers shown here and any other covers you may have seen is no coincidence. These are special parody issues of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* published by five different college magazines.

Correspondence from campuses all over the country has from the first told us what a well-worn and dog-eared part of college life *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* plays. Sometimes, in fact, a plaintive note enters a letter from an undergraduate subscriber hard put to gain clear possession of his copy until it has passed, like a ball in a game of "keep-away," up and down the dormitory hall or through the fraternity house.

In magazine parlance this is "pass-along readership," and *SI* enjoys hearing about it as much as it enjoys inspiring parodies. And perhaps in them what we enjoy most is the recognition they give, behind their covers, to many of *SI*'s innovations, such as *PAT ON THE BACK*, *CONVERSATION PIECE*, *SPECTACLE*, *E & D* and *WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT*.

A majority of the parody editors—those of Dartmouth's *SPOTS ILLUSTRATED*, Valparaiso's *SPORTS ILLUMINATED* and Maryland's *SPORTS ILL-HATED*—seem to have followed a variation of an old theory: it doesn't matter what you say as long as you spell the name wrong. No matter how they spell it, *SI* is proud of this evidence of its affectionate acceptance as a full-fledged citizen on the U.S. college campus.

Harry R. Phillips



When "probably not" has to be "never..."

THESE nylon Cord LifeGuard Blowout Shields are so good that your family's car will probably not suffer a blowout, unless a tire is cut through or severely damaged (and that can happen to any tire).

New Nylon Cord LifeGuard Blowout Shields by Goodyear give you proved protection—a life-saving reserve of air to prevent the tragedy of blowout accidents.

Nylon Cord LifeGuard Blowout Shields fit all makes of tubular tires and are less than half the cost of former LifeGuard tubes. You can't get better protection to save your life. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.


© 1980 Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

LIFEGUARD BLOWOUT SHIELDS

GOODYEAR

Wear your Goodyear dealer's sign; you good luck sign. Enter the Goodyear 1166-000 3-7 (Goodyear) at your Goodyear dealer's sign.

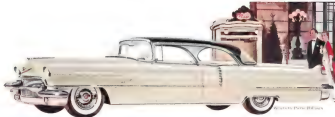



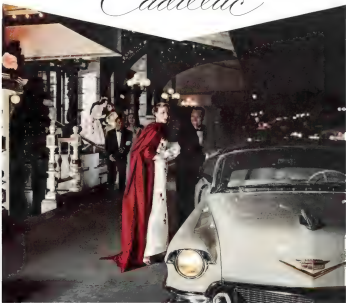
Illustration by Peter Blom



There is a satisfaction in driving a Cadillac which even Cadillac owners find difficult to describe. It is more than the enjoyment of Cadillac's great comfort and handling ease . . . or the thrill of Cadillac's marvelous performance. It's the feeling of pride and well-being that the car inspires in a man . . . a wonderful awareness that he is in command of

the world's most admired and respected motor car. Why not visit your nearest Cadillac dealer soon—spend an hour at the wheel—and see for yourself? He will be waiting for you with some especially wonderful news about the ease and economy with which you can make driving a Cadillac a daily pleasure. CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



JUNE 16, 1966

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION BY

THE MANTLE OF THE BABE

Some old champions improve with age. Then Sengen sets a new mile record at Hollywood Park and Archie Moore defends his title by scoring the 50th knockout of his career in London. But the overpowering onrush of youth is one of sport's inevitable and most exciting dramas, exemplified last week by a 17-year-old Ping Pong Patterico battering his way a step nearer the coveted American championship. And by the bonny young man at the right, Mickey Charles Mantle, who sets the most famous baseball record of all: Ruth's single 60

by ROBERT GREAMER

A TEND-FOOTING, pleasant-faced young man, carrying a bat, stood at home plate in Yankee Stadium, turned the Mond bullet head on his ball's neck toward Pedro Ramos, a pitcher in the employ of the Washington Senators, watched intently the flight of the baseball thrown toward him, bent his knees, dropped his right shoulder slightly toward the ball, clenched his bat and raised it to a near-perfect perpendicular. Twisting his massive torso under the guidance of a magnificently timed set of reflexes, Mickey Mantle so controlled the coexistent strength generated by his legs, back, shoulders and arms that he brought his bat through the plane of the flight of the pitch with a precision which propelled the ball immensely high and far toward the eight-foot roof, so high and far that children in the crowd—thinking perhaps of Babe Ruth—watched in awe and held their breath.

For no one had ever hit a fair ball over the majestic height of the gray-green facade that looms above the three tiers of grandstand seats in this, the greatest of ball parks.

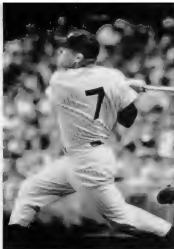
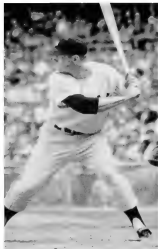
Indeed, in the 31 years since the Stadium was opened not one of the great company of home run hitters who have

continued on next page



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN

JUNE 16, 1966



... HE CAN CONTROL THE ENORMOUS STRENGTH GENERATED BY HIS LEGS, BACK, SHOULDERS AND ARMS THAT HE BROUGHT ME.

MANTLE OF THE BABE

(continued from page 1)

batted there—the list includes Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Jimmy Fox, Hank Greenberg and about everyone else you can think of—had even come close to hitting a fair ball over the glass-paned filigree hanging from the lip of the stands which in both right and left field hook far into fair territory toward the bleachers.

Mantle hit the filigree. He came so close to making history that he made it.

The ball struck high on the façade, barely a foot or two below the edge of the roof. Ever since, as people come into the stadium and find their seats, almost invariably their eyes wander to The Spot. Arms point and people stare in admiration. Then they turn to the field and seek out Mantle.

On that same day that he hit the façade Mantle hit a second homer. This one was his 28th of the season and it put him at that date (May 30) 12 games ahead of the pace Babe Ruth followed when he established his quassered record of 80 in 1927. Other players in other years had excitingly chased

Ruth's record. But Mantle, somehow, seemed different from earlier pretenders to Ruth's crown and, different, too, from slugging contemporaries like Yogi Berra, whose great skill seems almost methodical, and Dale Long, who is still, despite all, an unknown quantity.

The excitement surrounding Mantle goes beyond numbers, beyond homers hit and homers and games to go. Like Ruth, his violent strength is held in a sheath of powerful, controlled grace. Like Ruth, he makes home run hitting simple and exciting at the same time. The distance he hits his home runs (the approved cliché is "Ruthian blast") takes away the aura of cheapness, a word often applied to the common variety of home run hit today, and leaves the spectator aghast, whether he roots for Mantle or against him.

All this holds true despite the hard fact that heretofore in his five years in the major leagues the most home runs Mantle has hit in one season is 37, whereas Ruth hit 40 or more 11 different times, and two dozen others have hit 40 or more at least once.

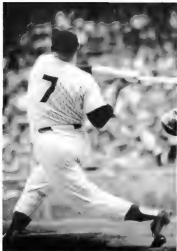
Yet where others impress, Mantle awes, and even the knowing profes-

sional speaker reverently of him. Harvey Kuenn, the shortstop of the Detroit Tigers and a topflight hitter in his own right, listened as Sportscaster Howard Cosell, an eyewitness, described the Memorial Day home run to him.

"Did he really hit it up there?" Kuenn asked, knowing but not believing. "Really?" He shook his head. "His strength isn't human," he said. "How can a man hit a ball that hard?"

Marty Marion, the unresistible manager of the Chicago White Sox, described a homer Mantle had hit against the Sox with two out in the ninth to tiegame the Yankees eventually won. "It went way up there," Marty said, with a wry little grin, pointing to the far reaches of the upper stands in deep right-center field. "Way up there. He swung just as easy and whops! It was gone. Way up there. I never saw anything like it."

As for the nonprofessional, there is no question that Mantle is the new excitement, the new Ruth. Like Ruth, he is known to those who don't know baseball, magically, the way Ruth was. A 7-year-old boy, just on the edge of interest in baseball and in bed getting



WENT THROUGH THE PLANE OF THE PITCH WITH A PRECISION WHICH PROCEEDED THE BALL IMMEDIATELY BEFORE HE HIT IT.

over the measles, watched part of a Yankee game on television. Later he was not quite sure what teams had been playing and he wasn't positive of the score, but when he was asked if he had seen Mickey Mantle bat, his red-speckled face lit up and he said, excitedly, "He hit a big one!"

Of course, Mantle wasn't the only one to hit "big ones" in this year of the slugger. Some said the 1954 version of the lively ball (see *see next page*) was responsible for the increasingly bullish market in home runs. Others gave credit (or blame) to the growing popularity of the slender-handed willow-ward bat, which bends like a reed when swung hard and breaks easily but which combines concentrated mass and blinding velocity much the way a golf club does. Mantle uses a 33-ounce bat when he hits left handed, 19 ounces lighter than the bat Ruth used.

Whatever the reasons, 19 players had hit 10 or more home runs by June 11, an unprecedented number. But Mantle towered above this forest of hitters both for quality and quantity of his home runs. By June 11 only Ruth had

continued on next page

HIGHLIGHT

First and HIGHLIGHT takes a quick probing look at the most dramatic or significant baseball event:

The veteran disliked extravagant praise, but now he was rich with enthusiasm: "I sat there late, watching him on television," he said. "My wife thought I fell asleep. I watched him pitch and whoosh! I slumped down in the chair with my legs out watching him. I just knew he had them, and I wanted to watch."

The veteran was Casey Stengel, and his admiration was for another named Sal Maglie, presently of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Discarded by the New York Giants last summer and by the Cleveland Indians this spring, Maglie had shut out the formidable Milwaukee Braves with three hits. It was his first victory since last July 9, and his first shutout since April 18, 1954. It was a superb performance.

Shortstop Pee Wee Reese, no rookie himself, dreamily paid his tribute: "I stood out there and watched him

pitch to each man exactly the way we had discussed it in the clubhouse. Most guys talk about it in the meeting and then go out there and do something else. This is a pitcher."

After the day which put him on the road back, the dark, saturnine Maglie was joyful. "I proved to myself I could do it," he said. "I hadn't pitched more than four innings at a time since July, and you begin to wonder after a while whether you're still able to go nine." It was over now, and he knew. That night as always after his big games, he tanned and turned sleeplessly until nearly 4 in the morning. Later in the week he pitched again and turned in seven scoreless innings against power-laden Cincinnati before Ted Kluszewski hit him for a bases-loaded home run.

His week's work—18 scoreless innings in a row—seemed enough to justify the confidence of a 38-year-old gaffer fighting to stay in the major leagues.

MANTLE OF THE BABE

continued from page 12

hit more home runs up to that point in a season *(see box opposite page)*.

Most of the managers in the American League marveled at Mantle's strength and hoped that the heat of summer and the law of averages would slow him down. Lou Boudreau of the Kansas City Athletics turned to more immediate and dramatic means. Boudreau is an eminently practical man who said successfully of the lively ball that, while other teams must be hitting it, no one ever seemed to throw it to his batters. When the Athletics came into Yankee Stadium a week ago Boudreau carried with him a sheet of paper on which was scribbled a baseball diamond and nine Xs.

When Mantle came to bat in the first inning with two out and the bases empty the Athletics in the field deployed to points approximating the Xs on Boudreau's map. The effect was slightly sensational. It was the Boudreau Shift, with radical variations that included a left fielder playing an extremely deep third base and a third baseman playing a shallow center field. Everyone remembered at once that it was Boudreau, then manager of the Cleveland Indians, who devised the shift in 1946 to stop Ted Williams, and that Manager Eddie Dyer of the St. Louis Cardinals used it in the World Series that year to another Williams' bat—five singles in 25 at bats in seven games.

But Williams was a slow runner and an unconstructed right-field pull hitter, whereas Mantle is a switch hitter who knocks the ball well to all fields whether he's batting left handed

or right handed. More than that, Mantle is a superb bunter and the fastest runner in baseball when in first base.

Everyone waited for Mickey to bunt the Athletics blind, but the pitcher, the erratic Lou Kretlow, had sufficient control of his rising fast ball that night to keep it high and close, with the result that Mantle fouled off all three of the bunts he attempted. He struck out twice, though later in the game, with a man on base and the shift off, he hit a home run) and the next day struck out once more. In the three games against Kansas City he had four base hits in 12 times at bat, which isn't bad a .333 batting average. But, truth to tell, the shift seemed to affect Mantle's poise at the plate.

TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN

The strikeouts were a symptom, Mantle's greatest problem in his first five years in the majors was a tendency to strike out. This year in spring training he restrained his need to crush the ball with his bat every time he swung, and he struck out only once in the exhibition season. This restraint, applied in the regular season, did not keep his strikeouts total quite so dramatically low but it did increase his control of the bat, his ability to meet the ball and, therefore, his domination over the pitcher. Meeting the ball gave him a lot more line-drive base hits and a batting average that has soared along near or above .400 all season, and his natural strength sent more of those base hits over the outfield barriers than ever before.

Whether or not it was the real or psychological effect of the shift, Mantle's home run pace slowed abruptly in the first week of June. About the

shift, Yankee General Manager George Weiss coined a remark which was something less than a compliment to Mickey's still-maturing self-discipline: "It got him thinking, and that's bad."

Manager Casey Stengel growled around the New York Yankee clubhouse, arguing that the shift made little sense.

"Here's a man can bunt and run down to first base," Stengel said. "If he bunts 10 times he'll get on base five and that's a .500 average. If he hits he'll hit as many home runs as he would anyway because there isn't anyone in the world can catch a ball in the upper stands or the lower stands. Those guys out in left field and right field may catch a couple of long balls, but we have to one on base and we wouldn't score a run anyway and if he bunts who's up next? Berra. Am I right?"

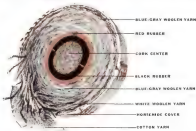
But it seemed to gnaw on Stengel. Here was Mantle, for the first time in his career quietly confident in his own ability, poised and sure of himself, and here was that damned shift and the possibility that Mantle might start to press thinking about it. George Weiss stayed a little worried, too. "I think he ought to just stand up there and hit," George suggested. "Just forget about the shift."

Mantle, while sloughing off from his rapid-fire home run pace, had no cause to worry, not yet, at any rate. All the great home run hitters produced their homers at an uneven tempo. All had one brilliant run (remarkably similar to Mantle's burst of 20 in 41 games), a good secondary cluster which Mantle, hopefully, will have, too) and a series of dry spells. Jimmy Fox, who at 24

continued on page 14

THE BALL: LIVELY OR NOT?

Here is the baseball that Mickey Mantle and 192 other major leaguers had hit over the fence 545 times by June 11 in 1956. Major league officials and manufacturers claim the ball is exactly the same as it was in 1925, when Babe Ruth and 249 lesser lights had hit only 528 home runs at this point in the season. Yet many players, managers and writers insist that the ball has been made more "lively," and point to the record-breaking year in progress as one indication. The fact that a ball hit in half seems to have just the same results as it did 28 years ago does not settle the argument. The liveliness of a baseball is determined by how tightly the yarn is woven. So far, no one has proved the yarn is tighter in Mickey's 1956 than it was in Babe's 1925. No one has proved the contrary, either. (For more about the baseball, see page 25.)



BREAKFAST WITH MICKEY

In a rare revelation, the Yankee star tells how he stopped living up to DiMaggio and started living up to himself

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL

THAT moment I've got here now," Mickey Mantle said as he waited for the cantaloupe, burkewut cakes, sausage, milk and coffee he had ordered in the dining room of his New York hotel, "if you don't keep adding to it, it won't mean anything. It's not even for sure I'll keep on doing it. You can't brag about something like that until the season's over . . . and then—" he shrugged his huge shoulders almost helplessly—"and then there's next year to worry about.

"I like to do good and whenever I'm doing good, I'm happy," the super-slugging switch-hitter said, nervously twisting the gold wedding ring on his left hand. "I really like baseball. I like to play it. When I'm going bad, I'm like everybody else. I'm playing for the money. I love to play baseball when I'm hitting, but when I'm not hitting, it's just work."

"You've matured," he was told. "There are lots of big letters you can't even talk to leg a hitless game."

He agitated self-consciously in his chair, then when he realized the comment was sincerely offered, he allowed himself a pleased boyish grin.

"This will be my eighth year in baseball. If you're not adjusted in eight years, then you'll never be."

"I've had a lot of people tell me I was conceited—like if you leave a ball park after you get beat 1 to 6—well, there'll be 15 or 20 kids pulling at your clothes and asking for autographs, and you don't sign any because you can't sign them all, and then there'll be four or five guys there saying, 'Sign the autograph, you ballheaded bum!'"

"They don't understand," he said sadly, "they don't understand."

It is perhaps part of Mantle's developing maturity that he has reconciled himself to the publicity requisites of his profession. Yet he has turned down thousands of dollars' worth of television appearances, restricting himself to only a few shows.

"Baseball is all I've ever been told," he complained. "My dad was a frustrated ballplayer, and even before I was born he named me 'Mickey' after his favorite player, Mickey Cochrane. Then when I was about 6 months old, I guess, my mother made me my first baseball suit."

Mantle asked his roommate, Billy Martin, and called him over to the table.

"Billy roomed with DiMaggio before DiMaggio left," he said by way of introduction. "After that, we roomed together."

16 BIG BATS

In any single season up to the date this issue went to press, only Babe Ruth had hit more home runs than Mickey Mantle. Oddly enough, Ruth did this the year after he set the home run record of 60 in one season, 1927. Here are the 15 best-ever home run totals by June 11:

- 29—Babe Ruth, 1928; season total 54
- 21—Mickey Mantle, 1956; season 7
- 21—Jimmy Foss, 1932; season 58
- 21—Babe Ruth, 1926; season 47
- 20—Sam Mays, 1946; season 55
- 20—Cy Williams, 1924; season 41
- 19—Babe Ruth, 1930; season 49
- 19—Babe Ruth, 1927; season 60
- 19—Jimmy Foss, 1930; season 58
- 19—Roy Campanella, 1955; season 33
- 19—Katie Merkle, 1903; season 47
- 19—Gl Hodge, 1945; season 49
- 19—Ted Williams, 1951; season 28
- 17—Johnny Mize, 1949; season 45
- 17—Babe Ruth, 1921; season 59
- 16—Mark Kaser, 1948; season 35
- 16—Kogers Horwitz, 1933; season 39
- 16—Babe Ruth, 1920; season 34

The four men who have come closest to Ruth's 60 home runs were Ruth himself, 58 in 1931; Hank Wilson, 56 in 1934; Jimmy Foss, 55 in 1932; and Hank Greenberg, 55 in 1930. Ruth and Foss were leading the major leagues by June 11 (see above), but Wilson (10) and Greenberg (only 13) were not.

"I only live with big hitters," Martin quipped impishly. "Say, there's Joe DiMaggio? someone would say, 'Who's the guy with him?' . . . 'Oh, him, just one of the kids on the ball club.' They still say it," he laughed, looking proudly at Mantle.

"Does it bother you always being compared to DiMaggio and trying to live up to the responsibility of it?" Mantle was asked.

"It never has bothered me being compared to DiMaggio," Mantle said thoughtfully. "I never had played outfield before, and I'm still making a lot of bad plays in the outfield that I'll have to correct. I tried to do it, to live up to DiMaggio. It didn't work. I've quit trying now."

"Was it that you were trying to live up to DiMaggio's job as was it that you were trying to do a good job?" Billy Martin put it to his friend. "You weren't conscious of trying to duplicate the things that DiMaggio was doing, were you? You were just trying to do a good job."

Speechlessly grateful, Mantle nodded. "It's when you don't compare yourself to somebody else, or try to do better, that's when you do better," the powerful hitter said from the depths of his new-found maturity. "DiMaggio was the man who could do everything right. There wasn't a thing he couldn't do. I still threw to the wrong base a lot, and," he added apologetically, "I drop fly balls. DiMaggio never did that."

"When the day comes that he doesn't make a mistake, that's when they call a ballplayer great," Billy Martin echoed. "To me, just talking about a person's hitting isn't enough. I've seen a lot of 300 hitters I wouldn't have on a ball team."

"Ted Williams is probably a better hitter than DiMaggio was," Mickey Mantle offered, "but if you put them both out there and have to choose up sides, you would have to choose DiMaggio first because DiMaggio is more valuable than Williams. . . . I'd love to be a fielder like DiMaggio was." Ace had crept into his voice.

Pitcher Tommy Byrne came over to the table. "C'mon, Mickey," he said, "we've got to go to the ball park. I'm going to ride up there with you and Billy."

Mantle called for the check and paid it. At the door a starchy-eyed waitress rushed up with a handful of menus for Mickey to autograph. He was late already, but he signed.

. . . He doesn't like to be called a ballheaded bum. (JRD)

LIBERTE, EGALITE —AND RACING

The aristocracy of the Sport of Kings wears its smartest robes for La Grande Semaine, climax of Paris' turf and social season

Heralded by the mellow notes of French hunting horns, a gay and wonderful procession will swing out into Paris' traffic-clogged Avenue de Champs-Élysées on Friday of next week: four lumbering horse-drawn mail coaches loaded with top-hatted and tail-coated sprigs of French nobility, making elegant conversation with fashionable young ladies in flimsy gowns and vast cartwheel chapeaux. Preceded by four red-coated outriders, they will clip-clop their way past the Arc de Triomphe to Auteuil race track on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, for the Prix des Dragons, a steeplechase which is the focal point social event in the Paris racing season.

On this day, in the words of one reverent Frenchman, "for men of taste, Auteuil represents Heaven on Earth: champagne, pretty women and good horses."

Dragons Day is just one event in what Parisians simply call *La Grande Semaine* (The Big Week). From Sunday, June 17 until Sunday, June 24, outlying French tracks are closed and all activity centers on Auteuil for jumping and Longchamp for flat racing. After a day at the races, Paris society goes out for a night on the town in a whirl of concerts, receptions and soirées, culminating in a grand ball in the fasty Travellers Club. When the week is finished, everybody who is anybody flees the heat of Paris for a summer's yachting or basking on the beach at Deauville.

The Big Week begins with the \$20,000 Grand Steeple-Chase de Paris, run in the flower-decked Auteuil course which follows the line of the old fortifications of the city. It winds up with the \$75,000 Grand Prix de Paris, at Longchamp, where some 75,000 racing fans jam into the cavernous stands and broad infield to sip champagne under the trees, to gawk at models who swirl by in the latest summertime creations of the high-fashion houses, and to catch a glimpse of René Coty, President of the French Republic, who will watch the big race from the finish line.

As usual this season, French racing is dominated by great

owners who do their own breeding: the Aga Khan, Bessac, Wertheimer, Valterra, Rothschild, and a newcomer, Mme. Cino del Duca, wife of an Italian publisher, whose cult Bessacched has won the Grand Prix de Rome and the Prix du Cadran this year. Perfume Tycoon Pierre Wertheimer (Chanel) took the English Derby last week with Lavandula (see page 49), and he's entering the same horse in the Grand Prix de Paris, probably with the same jockey. Willy Ras Johnstone, a sears-faced 51-year-old Australian who has won virtually every classic race in England and France at least once.

Big Businessman Marcel Boussac (textiles) has 140 horses in his stable, queened by Apollonia, the "filly of the century," an exquisitely bred 3-year-old, which has won six races in six starts, including the Prix de Diane, France's equivalent to the English Oaks. Boussac did not enter a horse in the English Derby this year, but hopes to wind up the *Grande Semaine* by winning the Grand Prix de Paris with Florinda.

He will have tough competition from Mme. Léon Valterra, the chic Monde widow whose Pall Drake was this year in 1955 as well as the Epsom Derby. Always perfectly governed by the great Paris coarctator Balmat, Suzy Valterra is equally perfectionist in her choice of horse flesh. This year she's entering the Grand Prix de Paris with Vattel, a 3-year-old which has been specially bred and trained to win this one race, a tricky course of almost two miles. The distance has frequently taken the heart out of Thoroughbreds trained for the mile-and-a-half classics. On early form, Suzy's horse has a good chance of winning the Grand Prix, but this itself is a handicap. Two times out of three the favorite gets beaten.

—WILLIAM MCMALE

With the retirement of many of the Bois de Boulogne as backdrop, horse parade for inspection by France's Éléphants





After a festive luncheon, a group of elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen join the daylight parade up the Chicago River to Astoria for the unveiling of the Peoria drug.



Before the 1855 Grand Prix de Paris, Madame Leon Vacheron poses with Firdale Palmer, who later rode her horse Phil Drake to win the richest race of the west.



At the entrance to Oakland, the members of the Society of Hunting Horns welcome the arrival of jockeys.





In the general assembly at Leinster, the Regina is surrounded by gentlemen in an attempt to see her husband. Her husband, the late King, is seated

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**MEET L. ERNEST DUROCHER • THE INSIDE-THE-SHIRT HIT •
ON THE SIDELINES AT THE OPEN • UP-TO-DATE HOROSCOPE
FOR THE PIRATES • OVERLOOKED PATENTS • MILE DELAY**

LEO DOESN'T MISS IT

MR. L. ERNEST DUROCHER, an executive of the National Broadcasting Co., turned up in Dallas last week to address a banquet for the Dallas Friends of the National Jewish Hospital at Denver. The hospital is a nonsectarian charitable organization for the treatment of tuberculosis and Mr. Durocher has been interested in it for a long time. Also, one facet of his job with NBC is public relations.

Mr. Durocher was met at the airport by assorted dignitaries, two citywide reporters and one sportswriter who had known him during his long, mispent youth.

Mr. Durocher was a very picture of the modern major network executive, conservatively dressed in a black suit, with a black four-in-hand tie and a touch of white handkerchief showing at the breast pocket. He discussed NBC and the hospital in quiet, dignified tones and he didn't pay much attention to the sportswriter until he was asked if he missed baseball.

"No," said Mr. Durocher, seriously. "I haven't missed it a bit, I haven't seen a game this year. I love my work with NBC."

His voice was still quiet and dignified, but you couldn't help remembering when Mr. Durocher's voice was a mazy howl that could climb over the roar of a crowd at Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds.

"Of course, I still follow my boys," said Mr. Durocher, and the NBC facade seemed to crack a bit. "Mays isn't hitting or playing the way he can. Once he gets started, the Giants could get in the first division with four or five wins in a row."

His voice wasn't as cool or dignified

as it had been, and you could see a little of the man who managed the Dodgers and Giants and played with the Yanks and the Cards.

"I'm very active in Little League baseball in Beverly Hills," said Mr. Durocher, hanging desperately to his dignity and sitting firmly on an altar ego named Leo the Lip. "I guess I hit more fungus with these kids than I ever did managing a major league club. They get me out at 9:00 in the morning and keep me there until 4 and ask a million questions an' holler when I want to quit. Man, I get tired."

Someone asked him something about NBC, and Mr. Durocher answered briefly. Then Leo the Lip pushed aside the NBC executive and the quiet voice took on some of the raucous howl you remembered.

"You know, baseball was gettin' too gentlemanly," said Leo the Lip. "Used to be you could tell off an umpire an' not watch your language. Got to where you use one cuss word an' out you go."

"I remember I used to have a ball with George Magerkurth," said Leo the Lip, who looked not unlike an umpire himself in his black suit. "I'd get on Magerkurth, who was a real big guy—maybe 8 feet 4, 240 pounds—an' I'd call him a few choice names an' pretty soon his face would turn kinda blue, he'd get so dang mad. Then I'd walk right up to him close as I could without teachin' him. Short as I am, I'd be lookin' right into the top button of his coat. Then I'd say, 'I oughta punch you right in the nose, ya big bum!'"

Leo the Lip was crowded up against

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Wimbledon Favorite

It was Louisa Brough who seeded Althea Gibson's first sudden upset to tennis fame in 1950. Last week in the Northern England championship at Manchester, Althea had her revenge, beating Louisa for her sixth straight European title and marking herself as the clear favorite for Wimbledon.

• Spring Slump

In the same tournament Australia's clare-banging Lewis Head failed to emerge from his so-so spring season, lost in the final to 28-year-old Jurensis Drobný, the Czech refugee now living in England.

• Try, Try Again

For the second time in 26 years of trying, British women won the Curtis Cup from U.S. lady golfers. Trailing two matches to one after the first day's play in foul weather, the British shone with the sun next day to take four singles matches. Only U.S. singles winners: Barbara Romack and Margaret (Wild) Smith.

• Attention, History!

Experts expect the Pirates to "find their own level" somewhere in the second division. But don't discount the fervor of a crew of young professionals currently playing like game-loving amateurs. Says Right-hander Bobby Friend (38 won, 3 lost): "We're out to make history."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 21

a reporter, demonstrating, and his arms were waving and his voice had picked up the volume and power it used to have, and the dignified Mr. Durocher, who works for NBC, had disappeared.

"Of Maggiorhuth never failed to take the hook," said Leo the Lip happily. "He'd turn purple and a blood vessel in his neck would swell up an' he'd stand up on his tiptoes an' look down on the top of my head an' he'd holler 'I dare yuh! I dare yuh!'"

Leo the Lip chuckled and his face, still a mahogany brown from the hot sun of a thousand afternoon baseball games, crinkled with glee.

Someone asked him to pick a team from all the players he has seen in 36-odd years on the diamond.

"Ince," said Leo the Lip. "Tina's tough. Can I have two center fielders? They'd be Joe DiMaggio and Willie Mays. Gotta have Babe Ruth in right an' I guess I'd put Stan Musial in left. That'd put Lou Gehrig on first base and I'd want Joe Traynor at third. Shortstop would be Travis Jackson. Catcher? Bill Dickey an' that big tomato face from Chicago—Gusky Hartnett. I haven't got a second baseman, have I? Put in Charlie Gehringer."

Leo stopped a minute to think.

"Give me Dizzy Dean an' 'Of Carl Hubbell an' Moose Grove an' Dazzy Vance for pitcher," he said.

"Any kumpty dumpty in the ball pen. I'd like to start a National League fare with that club an' see how many games we'd win by."

Leo the Lip said that wistfully. He had to go then, to talk to the banquet.

He walked away, and as he left, talking business, the loud happy voice was quiet and dignified again and you could see that Mr. Durocher doesn't run baseball a bit.

HELMETS IN, BUTTONS OUT?

HENRY THOMPSON, the Giants' third baseman, was carried off the field on a stretcher last week after being hit above the right ear by a fast inside pitch. Fortunately for Thompson, he had been wearing a protective helmet—now mandatory in the National League. But the concussion left him, three days later, still unable to play ball.

What if he had not been wearing the helmet? Anyone can guess, but the question is of special interest in the American League, where the use of helmets is still optional. Oriole Manager

Paul Richards came out daily: "Any player who doesn't wear a helmet is crazy." Yankee General Manager George Weiss hoped the incident would not be lost on Mickey Vernon. Hank Bauer and Bob Cerv, a few of the Yankees who don't like to fuss with full helmets or plastic cap-liners. A league ruling, similar to the National's, seems inevitable.

Another innovation in the uniform scored a point last week. Quietly, and without much public notice, some



clubs (among them the Orioles, Senators, Braves and Cubs) have ditched the old-fashioned button-up baseball shirt in favor of the zipper kind. Neater, they feel, and—well, consider Wednesday's Detroit-Boston game. Tiger Bill Tuttle grounded to Red Sox Third Baseman Billy Klaus. Klaus appeared to trap the ball, then lost it. It was not in his glove, nor did it trickle through his legs and on out into left field. Billy Klaus' frantic explorations showed where the ball had come to rest. Too late. Tuttle had an inside-the-shirt (button-type) base hit.

AMONG THE MISSING

TWENTY WILL BE MISSING of familiar faces at the U.S. Open this week, almost as if you took a look at the picture of your old graduating class and found that some of your best friends were no longer there. Whether tramping around the Oak Hill course in Rochester or watching on TV or just reading about it in the papers, you will feel to find former champions Lloyd Mangrum, Tony Manera, Lawson Little and Gene Sarazen; or those apparently indistructible golfing brothers, Mike, Jim and Willie Turnesa; or Jimmy Thomson, once the longest hitter in golf; or Henry Mairs, the one-time PGA and British Open champion who will be missing his first Open in 38 years; or such amateurs as Bob Sworny, Don Rispinghoff and Don Cherry, the television and radio crooner who doubles in brains. Each of them failed to qualify, as did Dow Finsterwald, the leading money winner among the pros this year, who was snarled in a tangle of playing dates and unable even to have a go at qualifying.

In their places will be a number of names unknown to all but their most intimate friends—people from Medinah,

Ill. and Canandaigua, N.Y. and Ligonier, Pa. and other backwaters of the dirt world. The explanation lies in the casting of the Open, a democratic process which gives few admittances to only a handful of the golfing royalty. The last 54 Open champions—Jack Fleck, Ed Furgol, Ben Hogan (twice) and Julius Boros—are admitted automatically. So are the top 10 finishers in last year's Open as well as last year's British Open Champion, that brilliant young Australian golfer Peter Thomson. Everyone else among the 163 starters must earn his ticket.

An errant driver, a chilly putter or just a bad disposition on qualifying day can eliminate the finest golfer from the Open. And so it is that Mangrum and the others will not be present at Oak Hill this week. Yet there are compensations for the absences. Billy Joe Fenton, who can be as erratic as a politician's penmanship, made it. So did that fine old timer Paul Runyan, just a wisp of a fellow who can still hit the crisp, immaculate iron that subdued the big hitters of the 1930's.

Yet of all the qualifiers none is more welcome than Henry Cotton, the 48-year-old British pro who may never again be seen in a major U.S. event. Cotton is a teaching pro in England these days, but even on this side of the Atlantic he can never hide behind such obscurity. It was he, with his impeccable manners and brilliant strokes, who finally made it possible for British professionals to use the front door of their clubs instead of the servants' entrance. His three British Open titles, stretching from 1934 to 1949, do not begin to tell his contribution to the game. As member and British as the Houses of Parliament, he is as much of a golfing monument as Vardon or Hagen or Jones or Hogan and a happy omen for this year's Open.

FORMER FIELD HOROSCOPE

THIS MAGAZINE has just received a short, nudging letter from a New York businessman named John R. Kane.

Sirs:

Today the Pittsburgh Pirates are in first place in the National League.

Remember that cartoon you published before last year's season began? The gypsy fortuneteller was gazing into her crystal ball . . . and she told the Pittsburgh player, "Don't bother!" Remember?

Yes, we remember. As a matter of fact, "Don't bother?" was not bad



Indeed I do remember you from last year. Things here changed. I see a remarkable conjunction of friendly circumstances hovering over Forbes Field and a surprising number of Long, Long hits going over the right-field fence. By Gemini? Don't know when I've looked into a finer crystal ball.

advice for the Pirates—the 1955 Pirates, that is. If Mr. Kane will glance at the drawing above, however, he can catch the old girl rather readily making up the 1956 horoscope.

HORSEHIDE BRAIN STORMS

IT WILL BE a sad day when the metatalkers of the baseball (see page 22) is no longer a subject for the most

profound speculation. In recent years the conjecture has centered on whether the ball has long ears, rapid breeding habits and a furry coat that is sometimes dyed to simulate mink. But, as an SI reporter discovered while browsing around in the patents search room of the Department of Commerce (Class 273, Amusement Devices, Sub 69, Balls, Baseball), the horseshide (or pellet or spheroid or aspirin tablet) has

been the subject of at least 55 brain storms through the years by ingenious souls who wanted to improve it.

Going back to 1872 and a Mr. J. H. Osgood's Patent No. 127,038, it was found that the first radical thought on the subject of the baseball was an idea to make it more durable. Osgood wanted to put two leather covers on it with overlapping seams running straight

continued on next page

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 20

around the circumference, but no one took up the idea.

Three years later Mr. John Gilpin patented "a waterproof base or pocket ball" composed of "heart of palm leaf or other suitable material," wrapped in wool yarn and covered with two or more pieces of India rubber, the whole to be molded and vulcanized. Although this ball might have come in handy in Milwaukee during the early, rainy weeks of the current season, it was never put into use.

Next came Samuel Hiphies, of Boston, with Patent No. 1,23,215 for a normal-looking ball with a hollow center in which there was a tiny pea-sized ball. The little ball rattled around in the cavity of the big ball making a clinking sound to serve "as a signal to the catcher by marking the flight of the ball." No doubt this would have been more useful to blind umpires than to catchers, yet baseball officials disregarded the Hiphies invention.

In the same year, William H. Carr patented a ball wrapped in alternate layers of hard and soft wool, "the layers of soft wool being rendered elastic by an admixture of hair." And a year later another fellow patented a ball with a screw-on cover of rubber cloth. Still no reaction from officials.

Certainly the most prolific thinker on baseball was Benjamin F. Shibe, of Philadelphia, whose name was immortalized as Shibe Park until the Athletics renounced it for Civic Center Stadium before moving to Kansas City. Shibe's first baseball patent was for "a baseball having a core tightly wound by yarn, its strands being rigidly retained in position as a spherical compact mass by cement." Later he devised a machine for cutting the baseball's leather cover and punching the stitching holes. Then he submitted a patent for a cork center wound round with rubber strands and threaded finally for a ball with a wooden core.

Among later innovations registered in the patent office, one came from William H. Fox, of Minneapolis, who was disturbed by the theory that the regulation ball lost its balance after prolonged pummeling by batters. He thought the rubber coating on the cork core developed air pockets because it was imperfectly applied, so he wanted to punch holes in the coating to allow air to escape.

These days the major sporting goods houses do their own thinking on the baseball in the privacy of their own

laboratories and without the assistance of such original minds as those of Osgood, Gilpin, Hiphies, Boynton and the rest. Which is perfectly all right with today's designers, but the pitching fraternity might appreciate a reconsideration of a ball patent—No. 2,244,199—for "a process for manufacturing a baseball having a shorter flight than a conventional league baseball." The inventor (who urged a longer winding of the yarn) even gave his reason: "The objectionable large number of home runs" being hit.

Obviously, nothing ever came of THAT silly idea.

CASUAL IRISHMAN

WHEN HE GOT HIS 6:50 after running a lardy third behind Australia's Jim Bailey and John Landy at the Los Angeles Coliseum last month, Villanova University's Dublin-born miler Ron Delany reacted more like a spectator than a participant. "Fabulosem," he said. He seemed amused. "They were simply fabulous." A few days later as he prepared to race Landy again at Fresno's West Coast Relays an Australian newspaper asked: "Do you think you might take him this time, Ron?" Delany drew back in honor. "What?" he cried. "me?" He was 90 yards behind as Landy ran 4:09.1.

Exactly 20 days later, however, at Compton, Calif., Delany refused to be shaken by another talented premiler—Denmark's Gertner Nielsen—uncorked a tremendous stretch drive (110 yards in 14.7 seconds) and broke the four-minute barrier himself with a 3:59; this was a tenth better than

Landy's time at Fresno and 5.9 seconds better than Delany himself had ever run before. What had happened to him in the interval between the two races? Delany—who will race Landy's conqueror, Jim Bailey, this Saturday in the NCAA meet at Berkeley—has an interesting theory: nothing happened at all. He credits his lead to 1) the fact that he was too busy with course work to think about the Compton race during the preceding week and this was well relaxed, and 2) that he wasn't trying to break four minutes.

This relaxed thinker who are convinced that four-minute milers get that way only as the result of some extraordinary surge of resolution, but, in the case of Ron Delany, it seemed eminently reasonable. Delany, now 21, is a young man with a deceptively innocent eye, a soft Dublin voice, a fine backhanded sense of humor and the gift of looking at the world about him with a vast inward amusement. He seems to react to the four-minute chase, as well as most of the other works and pangs of legitimate competition, with a kind of delighted disbelief. Since since he attended Dublin's Catholic University School he has simply run fast enough to beat the other fellow. Delany, who was lured off to Villanova by U.S. Miler Frankie Drayer, holds the Irish record in the half mile (1:58.2) and the Irish record in the mile (4:03.2). He ran a 4:04.9 mile in an outdoor meet at West Chester State Teachers College this spring. But he was usually lousy in track meets at Madison Square Garden all last winter because he refused to run for time and inevitably stayed back, even in slow fields, until the final sprint. Though he runs with a curious jiggling of the shoulders, Ron is a boy who can charge the tape.

He is also a modest youth and admits, without embarrassment, that he was "completely overawed" by John Landy, and in a great state of tension before both his California races with the world record holder. But his confidence came back at the NCAA meet at Randall's Island, where he ran a 4:14.4 mile and then, an hour and a half later, ran the half against Pitt's great Arnie Kosow. To his own surprise he gained on Kosow in the stretch, although he had stayed too far back to get more than second, and left strong at the finish. At Compton, when Nielsen obligingly set a four-minute pace, Delany stuck up tight and "had an unusual amount of run left in the last quarter." And that, he feels, was all there was to it.



DIG THOSE CRAZY BOUNCES

One hard ball park's
A little tough.
It's sort of a diamond
In the rough.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE AND FLOYD

Hurricane Jackson's perpetual ring dance comes to a flat-footed stop as he runs into a jarring, sweat-spraying left hook, the start of a fast combination thrown by Floyd Patterson, and one of many which secured Patterson a richly deserved decision in Madison Square Garden last Friday night. For Martin Kane's account turn to p. 41.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MI. PASCIN



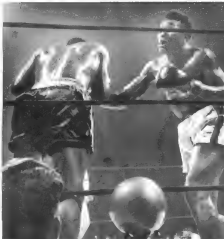


The punching power and effectiveness of Floyd Patterson's two fists are shown in this series of pictures. In the first (top left) Floyd (in black trunks) is delivering a right to the side



of Hurricane Jackson's head and is set to crash a left hook to the other side. In the second picture (center) a straight left slips through Hurricane's flailing arms. A hard right to the





head has just jolted Jackson in the picture at top right. Patterson lands uppercut (bottom left) and prepares to cross over with his right. At bell (bottom right) Hurricane is too dazed

to find corner without help. But the pictures reveal Floyd's youthful weakness: his failure to plant the balls of his feet firmly and so get full impact from his clean, sharp punches.



THE HARVEST

With the foresight of winter-wheat farmers, college coaches have carefully cultivated America's browniest and speediest high school

seniors, and now the harvest is on. The 11 bright football prospects here have been assiduously courted by as many as 60 colleges. All



PAUL HOLLOWAY, 200-pound center, will go to Penn to take his business course.



JIM STALEY, 220-pound end, was a star at center, fullback and tackle.



FRANCIS DOBROWOLSKI, 195-pound end, hotel worker's son, Staley's teammate.



ERNE WESTWOOD, 235-pound tackle, was voted Player of Year in western sector.



ED HOSTELNIEK, 190-pound end, had straight A average all through high school.



EARL KOHLHAAS, 225-pound center, won all-league honors four straight years.

THAT COMES IN THE SPRING

of these muscular specimens hail from Pennsylvania, considered by many to be the most fertile football region in the country. For a

detailed account of what it means to be a prized member of this blue-ribbon group as harvest season rolls to its peak, turn the page



MAURY GUTTMAN, 165-pound quarterback, is left-hand passer, good student.



ANDY REPEL, 150-pound fullback, is son of head coach at California (Pa.) Teachers.



ARNOLD COIA, 190-pound fullback, went back to school by The Citadel.



JOHN MEEGAN, 160-pound fullback, wants to go south where he hopes to stay.



BILL POPP, 160-pound guard, sits with mother behind radio spread with Tickers sent him by some 50 grandstanding schools. Only 17, Popp will go to prep school before college.

HOW COLLEGES GATHER IN A NEW CROP

It isn't always scholarships and big deals that attract the youthful football stars. Sometimes a sports jacket—or even a glass of milk—can do the trick.

by BOOTON HERNDON

FROM THE past few months the football players shown on the preceding pages have been going through some of the most grueling days of their lives. The best of Pennsylvania's considerable store of schoolboy stars, they have been approached from every direction, in the nighttime as well as the daylight, by fast-talking coaches and alumni who want them to bring their talents to their respective institutions.

Eddie Kostelnik is an example. A tall, good-looking boy with alert eyes and big feet, he graduated at the top of his class at Conestoga (Pa.) High School last week. Kostelnik is glad it's all over. These past few weeks have been exciting ones. One day was particularly frenetic. There was a meeting of the student body (Kostelnik is president) and a meeting of the committee to secure top New York talent for the senior prom (Kostelnik was chairman). He planned to study during lunch hour, as always (he has a 93 average), and to get to track practice right after school (he holds the school record in the shotput, also lettered in basketball,

and was captain of the football team).

All of this Kostelnik could have taken in his stride, but on this day there was an unusual amount of outside interference. Four football coaches from four separate universities drove up to the school, unannounced, to see him, and he had to fit them into his already-full schedule. He was late to track practice and when he got home—late, of course—another coach was waiting for him. Kostelnik ate supper and talked to the coach at the same time, then sat down to study. There was a knock on the door; another coach. And at 10 o'clock, when things had finally quieted down, a tele. "one call. Long distance for Eddie Kostelnik.

That's when Kostelnik finally blew. He threw his books down. "How can I ever get any work done this way?" he cried. During that period he got the only B in his entire high school career.

This has been a terrible time for the Eddie Kostelniks of this country. The pressures on these young men have been enormous. It is surely no secret by now that, without exception, every

major college fielding a football team must recruit the members of that team. The livelihood of practically every college coach in the country, and that of their wives and children, depends as how many of these high school stars they can get.

IN A HURRY

The boys for their part have been running in circles, and many will continue to spin right up until September. Most are 17 or 18 years old. The parents of many have had little formal education and generally are of no help to their sons in the sophisticated world of higher education and proselytizing. Coaches like Doc Blanchard of Army, Buck Shaw of the Air Force Academy approach the boys with offers of four years of education with pay on the U.S. Government. Coaches from the big football schools can and do wrap up the college campus and hand it to the young stars, who often need only say the word and they are on the next plane for California or Florida.

(Continued on page 38)



WHERE THE PLAYERS COME FROM

1. Natick, pop. 6,690; Har-Brock H.S. FRANCIS DOMASZCZAK, end, 6' 1", 193 pounds; 33 offers, Indiana or North Carolina.
2. Natick, pop. 6,690; Har-Brock H.S. Jim Strahler, center, 6', 225 pounds; 22 offers, Miami or Indiana.
3. Elmore, pop. 950; Clinton H.S. Elmer Wierzbicki, tackle, 6' 2", 250 pounds; 40 offers, Michigan or Pitt.

4. Charlevoix, pop. 5,475; Charlevoix H.S. MAURY GUTTMAN, qb., 5' 11", 184 pounds; 30 offers, Miami, Purdue.
5. Brownsville, pop. 1,643; Brownsville H.S. ARNOLD SAPP, lb., 6', 184 pounds; 24 offers, Notre Dame or Pitt.
6. Uniontown, pop. 22,471; Dunbar H.S. JOHN MORGAN, lb., 5' 10", 190 pounds; 20 offers, Georgia, Kentucky.
7. Conestoga, pop. 13,190; Conestoga H.S. EDWARD KOSTELNIK, end, 6' 1", 185 pounds; 17 offers, Princeton.
8. Shrewsbury, pop. 857; Mechanicburg H.S. ELMER KOHLHAAS, center, 6', 225 pounds; 24 offers, Penn State.
9. Steelton, pop. 12,574; Steelton H.S. BILL POWE, guard, 5' 11", 185 pounds; 26 offers, Georgetown or Penn State.
10. Bryn Mawr, pop. 4,777; Radnor H.S. TED DEAN, lb., 6' 3", 248 pounds; less than 10 offers, greatest Big Ten.
11. Collegeville, pop. 5,443; Collegeville H.S. JIMMY COX, lb., 6', 187 pounds; 40 offers, Pittsburgh.
12. Philadelphia, pop. 2,071,600; Northeast H.S. ANGELO COIA, lb., 6' 1", 190 pounds; 25 offers, The Citadel.
13. Philadelphia, pop. 2,071,600; Germantown H.S. PAUL HOLLANDER, center, 6' 1", 224 pounds; 24 offers, Penn.



The motor car that
pays you a
soft-spoken compliment

It is expressed in every clean and classic line, in the choice upholstery of Continental seating. It is evident in the supple leathers, in the rich, tailored fabrics, and in the graceful sweep of the Continental lines.

It is embodied in the subdued use of ornament, in the understated grace that is the essence of Continental craftsmanship and engineering, attributes of Continental performance.

Instructively, you know the Continental Mark II is a subtle, yet flawless, reflection of your taste.

Continental

Mark II

Continental Division

Ford Motor Company

Most likely to succeed

Today is the time of the leanest, finest looking, prettiest and slimmest, waisted brides in history. This is the time of marriages most likely to succeed.

For, thanks to their wholesome eating habits, young couples of 1956 feel as fit and happy as they look. Their modern taste is for the lighter, less-filling foods and drinks.

Pepsi-Cola goes right along with this wholesome, modern trend. Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the light refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling



SCOREBOARD



Bob Hacken, broad-
barked NAC mis-
adventurer with exhu-
berant, 250-pound
weight (these men
showered off tons of
fat: two inches at
Metropolitan AAU
meet in New York
a week ago, meas-
ured world standard
for 215, heaviest



Martina Hager, one half of sharply pro-golfing clown act, had fine week at Virginia Beach, setting 72-hole world record for women with her 288 while on way to piling up plus 60 points to win the 80-hole Triangle-normed casher.



George Penick, Seattle, Wash. Penick, shell builder and singer for last Dec. U.S. Olympic crew, awarded winner of annual award for "overlions service in rowing" (in poll) conducted by Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Chamber of Commerce.

Fry is virtually down on her conquest Louise Brough 2-6, 6-4, 6-4 for the first time as she won her ninth straight singles title, became world no. 1 for Wimbledon.

ALTERNATIVE DISPUTE RESOLUTION

Paul Flaherty, Chicago driver who captured the big one at Indianapolis, gas-biked his John Deere Special at 94.50s mph for new track record, won 100-mile Rex Mays Classic (to 1:17.84) at Milwaukee.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Track stars continued red-hot tempo along an Olympic trail in southern New York to California, a look at U.S. records will show Dave Sime, Glenn Davis, Eddie Southern, Gordon McKenzie and Fred Harlan. Other notable performers: Fin Arneson's 7:20 100-yard dash, except 100 meters, in 1947; 100-yard dash in running this year at Camp Pendleton, Calif. Davis, also over 125-year high hurdles in world record, 8:12.5 at Bergen, Calif. Andrew Chasman, Bobby Morrison and 100 meters, 1:29.2, 200 in 0:58.8 in set pace in NCAA championships at San Diego.

DOI: 10.1002/for

Tate played 11 summers on All-America teams selected by coaches. Four of them—Ben Anderson, Randy Gilewicz, Bill Clinton, Dave Armstrong—in three events each. Only double All-Americans Iowa's New Zealand-born Lincoln Haring in 1989 and 244-yard basketball; North Carolina State's Dick Frazier in 1990 and 1991.

cranks are 200-gauge (heavily), Indiana's DEI Wrestling in 220- and 440-lb and freestyle, Colter No. 1, chamois; Yale's Andrew in 300-lb freestyle; Northwestern's Al Kahan in 140-lb freestyle; Ohio State's Al Wiggins in 280-lb individual medal; Vermont State's George Rivers in 1,200-meter freestyle; Yale's Clinch, Dan Cornell and Anthony in 240-lb medal, Yale and Cornell, Joe Robinson, Armstrong and Gosselin in 400-lb freestyle relay; Ohio State's Frank Penzabeker in co-edometer dive and Dan Warner in 200-meter dive.

[illegible]

Radner's *dollars* get their chance for fame and a share from PGA and U.S. Open Champions Jack Nicklaus and Fay Crocker set targets for National Golf Day at Rossmore, N.Y.: 40 by Nicklaus; 50 by Crocker.

Abstract

Duke's Dick Swendson threw in four quick goals in less than two minutes in third quarter to break game open, led smother-playing South All-Stars to 20-10 victory over North at Geneva, N.Y.

WILLIAM L. BRYANT

DIED John C. Glover, 22, of Larchmont, N.Y., three-time All-America swimmer who set more than 55 records, twice winner of Dartmouth's Watson Trophy as athlete who did most for school, AAU 100-yard freestyle champion last year after collapse, while preparing for Olympic events in Yale's Duane Whitely pool.

FOR THE RECORD

編者：張其成 編審：張其成、張其成

1984 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 27, 1: 1-24.
 1985 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 28, 1: 1-24.
 1986 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 29, 1: 1-24.
 1987 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 30, 1: 1-24.
 1988 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 31, 1: 1-24.
 1989 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 32, 1: 1-24.
 1990 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 33, 1: 1-24.
 1991 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 34, 1: 1-24.
 1992 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 35, 1: 1-24.
 1993 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 36, 1: 1-24.
 1994 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 37, 1: 1-24.
 1995 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 38, 1: 1-24.
 1996 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 39, 1: 1-24.
 1997 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 40, 1: 1-24.
 1998 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 41, 1: 1-24.
 1999 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 42, 1: 1-24.
 2000 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 43, 1: 1-24.
 2001 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 44, 1: 1-24.
 2002 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 45, 1: 1-24.
 2003 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 46, 1: 1-24.
 2004 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 47, 1: 1-24.
 2005 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 48, 1: 1-24.
 2006 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 49, 1: 1-24.
 2007 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 50, 1: 1-24.
 2008 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 51, 1: 1-24.
 2009 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 52, 1: 1-24.
 2010 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 53, 1: 1-24.
 2011 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 54, 1: 1-24.
 2012 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 55, 1: 1-24.
 2013 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 56, 1: 1-24.
 2014 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 57, 1: 1-24.
 2015 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 58, 1: 1-24.
 2016 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 59, 1: 1-24.
 2017 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 60, 1: 1-24.
 2018 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 61, 1: 1-24.
 2019 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 62, 1: 1-24.
 2020 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 63, 1: 1-24.
 2021 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 64, 1: 1-24.
 2022 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 65, 1: 1-24.
 2023 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 66, 1: 1-24.
 2024 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 67, 1: 1-24.
 2025 *Journal of Law and Economics*, 68, 1: 1-24.

1000

[illegible]

Abstract

Address: 101 E. 10th St., Suite 100, New York, NY 10003
 Tel: 212 512 1000
 Fax: 212 512 1001
 E-mail: info@nyu.edu

1054

[illegible]

Figure 1

PETER THOMAS, Jr. President, 1990-1991
 1990-1991 President, 1990-1991
 1990-1991 President, 1990-1991
 1990-1991 President, 1990-1991
 1990-1991 President, 1990-1991

Abstract

[illegible]

1000

[illegible]

SAILING Gene Little, Palm Beach round-robins winner, accepts awards from Police Board's President, Elmer Wood Sr.



BOUNCING Brites John Surtees hangs on, roars ahead to win senior Tourist Trophy with 45.52 peak average at Silverstone



EMERACING British-Carlini Cuppers (right) show joy after Mrs. Roy Smith gave them \$4,000,000,000 at Sandhill.

COMING EVENTS

June 15 through 24

FRIDAY, JUNE 15

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship
Circuit race, Charlotte, N.C.
NASCAR 100-mile Southern 500 Championship
Circuit race, Darlington, S.C.

Boxing

■ Miguel Serrano vs. Chant Matus, featherweights,
■ Wgt. 35, Garden (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Canoeing

Salida slalom and white water race, Salida, Colo.
(through June 17).

Harness Racing

American Training Championship, \$25,000, West-
bury, N.Y.
Three-Year-Old Pace, \$22,000, Downs, Ill.

Olympics

Freestyle Games, Stockholm, Sweden (through
June 17).

Rugby

Scots vs. Wales Championship High School sides,
Scots vs. Wales, N. Hants (through June 17).

Tennis

Wimbledon Cup match, U.S. vs. Great Britain,
Wimbledon, England (also June 16).

Track & Field

Intercollegiate championships, Los Angeles (also
June 16).
NCAA championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also June
16).

SATURDAY, JUNE 16

Baseball

■ Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 3:45 p.m. (CBS*).
■ New York vs. Cincinnati, New York, 3:55 p.m. (Mutual)*.

Boxing

Tony De Marco vs. Vince Marlin, welterweights,
Boston (10 rds.).

Box Show

Bryn Mawr Kennel Club, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Holsteins Contest

San Ageling Contest, All-Ireland Championships,
Bangor, Ireland.

Golf

■ U.S. Open, \$20,000, Oak Hill Country Club,
■ Rochester, N.Y. (last day), 4 p.m. (NBC-TV),
5 a.m. (NBC-Radio).

Hill Climbs

SCCA Hill Climb, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. (also June 17).

Horse Racing

■ The Belmont, \$100,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds,
■ Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
■ Belmont Turf Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 miles,
3-yr.-olds and up, Belmont at Washington Park,
Chicago, Ill. (4:40 p.m. (NBC)).
■ Delmar Park, \$20,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old
fillies, Delmar Park, Delaware, Del., 6:10 p.m. (NBC).
Queen's Plate, \$40,000 added, 3-yr.-olds foaled
in Canada, 1 1/4 miles, New Woodbine Course,
Toronto.

Hunt Racing

Boyleston Staphenure Association, Indianapolis.

Motor Boating

Wheeler Cup Trophy, Windsor, Ont.

Rugby

International Rugby Association rugby, Syd-
ney, R.L., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).
■ Yale vs. Harvard, New London, Conn., 7 p.m. (NBC).

Sailing

■ Newport-Bermuda Yacht race, Newport, R.I.,
1 p.m. (NBC).

SUNDAY, JUNE 17

Archery

New York State Field Archery Association Spring
Aren Tournaments, in various state parks.

■ TV ■ COLOR TV ■ NETWORK SCHED. ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED.

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship (Cir-
cuit race, Sebring, Mo.
NASCAR 300-lap Short Track, Flat Rock, Mich.

Baseball

■ Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

■ George Stogits vs. Robert Cohen, bantamweights
(15 rds., 10 rds. fight), Rome, Italy.

Golf

■ Kelly Amateur Championship, Seattle, Seattle,
Kern.

Horse Show

International Horse Show, Stockholm, Sweden
(through June 20).

MONDAY, JUNE 18

Baseball

■ New York vs. Detroit, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

■ Charles Seltzer vs. Frank Scajola, middleweights,
St. Louis Arena, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DeMott)*.

Golf

Texas-Mississippi Men's Amateur Tournament,
Oklahoma City Golf & Country Club, Oklahoma
City (through June 24).

Horse Show

Myrtlewood Handicap, \$15,000, 5 furlongs, 3-yr.-
olds up, Arlington Park, Chicago.

Tennis

Intercollegiate Meet, U.S. Lawn Tennis Associa-
tion, Chesham, N.Y. (through June 23).

TUESDAY, JUNE 19

Baseball

■ New York vs. Detroit, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Bicycle Racing

Tourist Trophy Bike Race, Isle of Man, England
(through June 21).

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club (Wedge) race, Toff Stadium, Okla-
homa City.

Horse Racing

Camdena Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 5
furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Boxing

Marine Trophy Race, Midwest Collegiate Boxing
meet, Detroit State Club, Detroit (through June
22).

Shooting

Rochester Backs Shooting Club, State Meet,
Rochester, N.Y. (through June 22).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20

Baseball

■ St. Louis vs. Brooklyn, Brooklyn, 1:55 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

■ Johnny Sauerstein vs. Bob Satterfield, heavy-
weights, Chicago Stadium, Chicago (10 rds.),
10 p.m. (ABC).
Pascual Peña vs. Oscar Sanchez, flyweights (10
rds.), Montevideo, Uruguay (10 rds.).

Golf

Western Senior Amateur's Tournament, Highland
Golf & Country Club, Indianapolis (through June
22).

Horse Racing

Massachusetts Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds up,
1 1/4 miles, Suffolk Downs, Mass.

Horse Show

Detroit Horse Show, Dearborn Hills, Mich.
(through June 24).

Rugby

Harvard Hevel Stompede, Sulphur, Okla.
(through June 22).
Paragard Arkansas Rodeo, Paragard, Ark.
(through June 22).

THURSDAY, JUNE 21

Baseball

■ Boston vs. Cleveland, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

■ Jimmy Carter vs. Larry Selas, lightweight,
Olympic stadium, Los Angeles (10 rds.).

Golf

Daily News Open, Pebble Creek C.C., Philadel-
phia, \$22,500 (through June 24).
LPGA Championship, \$7,500, Forest Lake C.C.,
Bloomfield Hills, Mich. (through June 24).

Horse Racing

Hollywood Oaks, \$25,000, 3 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old
fillies, Hollywood Park, Calif.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-mile Grand National race, Rochester
to expand, Rochester, N.Y.
NASCAR 250-lap Convertible race, New Yearly
Spontaneous, Norfolk, Va.

Baseball

■ Baltimore vs. Detroit, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

■ Herman (Tony) Callicott vs. Willie Vaughn, welter-
weight, Md. vs. Scajola (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing

Pink de Oja, Astoria track, Port, France
at San Ben Fantasy, \$4,000, 2-yr.-old (and
under the state), 5 furlongs, At San Ben, Heb.

Rugby

Buffalo Bill Rodeo, North Platte, Neb. (through
June 24).

Track & Field

Natl. AAU Men's championships, Bakersfield,
Calif. (also June 23).

SATURDAY, JUNE 23

Auto Racing

SCCA Road America race, Elkhart Lake, Wis.
(also June 24).

Baseball

■ New York vs. Chicago, Chicago, 2:15 (CBS*).
■ Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Boxing

Switzer vs. Cline, Switzer fight ship and return,
Victoria, B.C.

Box Show

Harbor Eden Kennel Club, beach show, Long
Beach, Calif. (also June 24).

Horse Racing

Stymie Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old
up, Belmont Park, N.Y.
The New Gate, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old
up, Ellis & mares, Delaware Park, Del.
Armed Memorial Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4
miles, 3-yr.-old up, Arlington Park, Ill.

Tenpin

Annual Mids Trophy race, Toledo, Ohio (also
June 24).

SUNDAY, JUNE 24

Auto Racing

NASCAR 180-mile Convertible race, Woburn, N.C.

Baseball

■ Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Me-
tastar)*.

Box Show

Staten Island Kennel Club, beach show, Long
Beach, N.Y. (also June 24).

Golf

Natl. Collegiate Amateur Men's tournament, Ohio
State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Horse Racing

Grand Prix de Paris, \$75,000, Longchamps track,
Paris, France.

*See local listing

Straight Talk about Custom Made Golf Clubs

Many people believe that if any product is made in flow or more models, the product one is a "custom" model. This is incorrect. "Custom made" means made especially for an individual customer. Obviously, any product not made in order is not custom made. In golf, only one club maker in the world has all facilities and equipment for custom club making—Kenneth Smith. For over 25 years he has been hand-making golf clubs to individual order. His amazing knack of designing clubs that fit the individual golfer is based on his copyrighted Correct Fitting Chart, developed after years of studying players' swings and physical differences. Filled out by the golfer, this Chart gives an accurate picture of his physical characteristics, his natural swing. With this, plus accurate ability to analyze a golfer's needs, Kenneth Smith designs clubs that truly fit the individual. And because they fit, the golfer can shoot relaxed, without strain. Result: more uniform timing, greater accuracy, better control—and lower scores. Makes sense, doesn't it?

Learn how to make your limited income of better golf. Write TODAY to Kenneth Smith's booklet and request fitting Chart.

Kenneth Smith

HELP CLUBS find ways to fit you
Box 41-2 • KANSAS CITY 41, MO
World's Largest Custom Club Maker

FULLY AUTOMATIC!

THE CHAMBERLIN

Kolapsi Kart

1. LIFT HANDLE
—IT OPENS



3. DROP HANDLE
—IT CLOSES

Open and close instantly—nothing to adjust. Perfect balance, stands upright, either open or folded. Big ball-bearing wheels, instant pulling. Steel construction—light weight. FULL GUARANTEE.

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR
FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Chamberlin Metal Products

2024 Wisconsin, Chicago 47, Illinois

Send FREE Sample Catalog to:

Name

Address

City

TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of
all handicaps

from JACK NICKLAUS JR., Kilmaha Lake, N.Y.

My experience as a now fairly veteran tournament player has brought home to me that, regardless of some minor things I may or may not be doing on a given round, my game will be fundamentally sound if I stay under the shot. To explain this a bit—there is always a tendency when you are aiming for a pin situated on the same level with yourself to try and line the ball on a low bullet-like flight for the target. When you have this conception in your mind of the shot you're going to play, you're likely to overaccelerate the whole action at contact and to hammer the ball so that it slides to the right, ducks a little to the left or, at any rate, does something erratic.

When I find I'm doing this—and, I hope, sometimes before an error informs me—I try to remind myself that a shot which flies in a high trajectory seldom goes crooked. Instead of setting my eyes on the pin, I raise them and pick out some higher object behind the pin as my target—the top of a tree, a spot on a slope, or even a cloud. Then, by swinging in such a way that my shot will soar toward that object, I will move into the ball with an action that encourages staying under the shot. I am convinced that there's tremendous value in keeping this image, this precept, always in the forefront of my mind.



NEXT WEEK: LOUISE BRIGGS ON LINING UP THE SHOT

**Patterson, the Panther, beat Jackson, the Hurricane,
by a wide margin but his broken hand could mean**

COSTLY VICTORY

THE DEATH OF RASPUTIN was accomplished only after he had eaten with relish and no immediate ill effect some cakes containing a soupçon of potassium cyanide, got lightly fuddled on wine laced with the same deadly poison and been shot four times with a revolver held close to his chest. He was still alive and kicking feebly when Prince Felix Youssoupov ended him with a weighted club. Some people take a lot of killing.

Among them is Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, prizefighting's preposterous son, who survived 12 rounds of exposure to the lightning of Floyd Patterson's

terrible swift fate the other night and came out of Madison Square Garden with only a dent to his considerable pride. Patterson had meticulously measured him for the kill a dozen times and then delivered punches of such velocity that it seemed no human jaw could withstand them, Hurricane's jaw withstood them just fine.

In the end it was Floyd Patterson who suffered the damage. Jackson's firm and unyielding head broke the fourth metacarpal in finger bone between knuckle and wrist of Patterson's right hand. It happened in the sixth round, a fatal

(continued on next page)



PATTERSON'S FRACTURE is shown in drawing made from X-ray taken immediately after fight. In second X-ray (not shown) displaced bone ends have been brought together by traction. How fast the hand can heal depends on calcium formation around the break. Further X-rays should disclose whether Floyd can return to the ring in six weeks or several months. Surgery may be required to pin the broken bone together.

MR. MOORE THE MONGOOSE

by **RICHARD WERNES**

LONDON

EVER see a mongoose fight a snake?" Archie Moore wanted to know. A bloody towel about his neck, hemmed in by autograph hunters, he lounged against the wall of his dressing room in London's Harringay Arena and laughed cheerfully.

"The mongoose lets the snake strike him again and again," explained Naturalist Moore, "while he keeps out of the way, watching, figuring out just how the snake strikes. Then, when he's got it figured and the snake tires and slows down, the mongoose hits and kills him. Sounds easy, doesn't it?" With that, Archie went chuckling off to the showers.

Five minutes before, he had knocked out 27-year-old West Indian Yolande Pompey, thereby retaining his light-heavyweight title. In one easy breath he explained how he had done it.

When Archie climbed into the Harringay ring last week he weighed a trim 175 pounds or so, but most of the crowd of 8,486 Britishers felt that his severe dieting wouldn't prevent him from winning. He began slowly, unlike the typical aging fighter who tries to get his work done before his legs go. Pompey,

agreeably, displayed a reluctance to fight. When half of the second round had gone lackadaimically by, Referee Jack Hart, annoyed by Archie's leisurely tactics, advised him to "get to work and show more action or I'll throw you out." Grumbled Moore later: "What a rude referee. Telling me, a world champion, to get busy."

But Hart's words had their effect. Archie caught Pompey with a left hook on the head, sending him into the ropes. He followed with a left jab, a right hook, then backed off again.

Through six rounds, Archie washed and studied. Only once did the nagging, bustling Pompey break inside the two horizontal barriers he held across his face. In the fourth Pompey caught the old man flush on the nose. "It was a hard punch," Archie revealed, "and it's the first time my nose has bled in years. I didn't like it." He expressed his indignation with a pair of combinations that forced the challenger to backpedal. But then Archie again subsided into watchful evasion.

By the sixth, Archie, behind in points, had his man set up. Pompey had bowed aggressively and well after

a desultory start. Now he was slowing. He had shown Archie he had neither a series of hard punches nor a desire to slug it out. Moore fired a right cross that rocked Pompey back four feet, bringing blood to his nose and above his right eye. He followed with four right hands to Pompey's head. At the bell the West Indian was unready. He was still teetering as he came out for the 10th. Archie went after him. A long right put Pompey down for a count of eight. When he got to his feet, Moore stalked him to a corner and threw two rights and a left hook, the same combination that knocked Beto Olson out. Pompey sank to his knees for a nine-count. Again he arose and Moore gave him the same combination and Pompey went down again. Gently, he regained his feet as the referee threw his arms around him. The fight was over.

Showered, Archie offered a final piece of intelligence: "Until I get the world heavyweight title—and I'm the best heavyweight in the world—I shall not let my present title go."

A wise decision, for it may be a different kind of snake old Mr. Mongoose will be studying in the fall. (EAB)



BOBBY MARSHALL'S EMPTY THRONE, CLAIMED BY THE PRECIPITANT GEORGE MOORE WHILE LINGERING MEN SCRAMBLE FOR IT, NOW NEXT AGAIN

BOXING

continued from page 13

one for Patterson because, though he won the fight by decision and thereby the right to meet Archie Moore for the world's heavyweight championship in September, the broken hand could postpone that dream meeting. Still, the fracture has been set neatly and should heal well.

Though Patterson may not appreciate it until he is older and wiser, delay could yet be a blessing. On his showing against the inept but incredibly durable Hurricane, Floyd Patterson at 21 may not yet be quite ready to beat Archie Moore at 42, or whatever the old boy's age may be. In comparing them, not all the points are in Moore's favor, but some of the more important ones are. Moore is old and Floyd is young, but Moore's age is packed with experience and craftiness. Floyd hits hard but he weighed 178 pounds for this fight, less than he has weighed in six months, and his punching power seems to suffer a trifle for lack of weight. Moore scores clean knockouts. The great majority of Patterson's victories have been by TKO. When Floyd grows a bit more, learns to follow instructions better, and has discovered how to plant his feet firmly for the big punches, adding power to their speed (*see foot in picture on pages 25-27*), then his essential greatness will come through. There is time for all this. As Floyd put it, with the grace of an earnest student, "I still have a lot to

learn." He did not seem disappointed. Just coolly analytical of himself.

He has now matriculated at the very exclusive college of big-time heavyweight boxing. Criticized for fighting his inferiors, he has fought and licked the No. 2 man, spotting him 15½ pounds. Suspected of no great staying power because his fights have ended so early, Patterson demonstrated that he can go 12 fast rounds against the ring's most exhausting fighter and still be ready for at least three more. He did not demonstrate that he can take a punch, for, as he pointed out, "Jackson is not known as a puncher."

What was seen Friday night by a crowd of 11,000 who paid \$66,000 in spite of the fact that New York TV was not blacked out, was a wildly exciting fight between two perfectly conditioned men, a melodrama so filled with unrelenting action that, at the end, the crowd stood and cheered. That is a rare compliment nowadays, but this was a rare fight.

BREAKS HIS HAND

Patterson had trained for stamina to match Jackson's vaunted ability to outlast Tennyson's break, but he also wanted a quick knockout. He tried them the opening bell, charging under the long, flailing arms of his opponent and, to the delight of the roaring crowd, crashing his fists against the body and head of Jackson in a blaze of fury. Jackson took it and fought back, not effectively, but in the best way he can.

During the first six rounds Patterson tried again and again and in the sixth seemed close. Hurricane blocked the touchdown try with his hard head. Patterson's right hand broke, back of the knuckle next to the pinkie. Next day it turned out to be an overriding fracture, probably incurred when Floyd was delivering a series of short, jolting rights to Hurricane's head. Improper taping may have done it.

Shortly after this series Patterson relaxed with his right a few times and, though he felt no pain in his hand until the round was over, the relaxation may have been an instinctive response to the damage. He said nothing in his corner and lost the next three rounds on all official cards. After the ninth round, Gus D'Amato, his manager, asked Floyd if he was tired. Floyd came out to prove that he was not, perhaps influenced by the growing impatience of Hurricane, who was following him about the ring with a moping but somehow challenging dance step.

He used his right in these three rounds, but sparingly, depending mostly on his left. Jackson threw more punches, but with little power, and they continued to land mostly on arms and gloves. That, in fact, was what they had done throughout the fight.

The match took some of the gloss off Patterson, solely because he did not win by a knockout. This will be compared to Nino Valdes' knockout of Jackson, which, however, counted as such only under the three-knockdown rule, which automatically stops the



THE HEALING OF PATTERSON'S BROKEN BARD

fight on the third knockdown, Valdez/Moore had more punch than punch. No one has ever truly KO'd the Hurricane, who in this fight won himself a full measure of respect for courage, tenacity and the rawest kind of toughness. The Patterson onslaught was the worst he has ever suffered, but for all his foolishness, his moody temper, the Hurricane is a heroic kind of fellow. He should no longer be called "The Animal." He is very much a man.

The decision was a split victory for Patterson by one of those mysteries of judging that occur so often. The two judges had it 7-5 and 8-4 for Patterson, 84 had it 9-3, but Referee Harry Kessler voted 6-5-1 for Jackson. His explanation is that Hurricane threw the most punches, which is true, but scarcely any landed effectively. He says Floyd fought only in the closing minutes of a round, which is certainly not true of most rounds. But Kessler, the highly publicized sportsman-engineer (metallurgy), distinguished for his *Punch* fan footwork, may once more have been caught flustered on that pink cloud he rested on in the second round of the Marlene-Moore fight. That time he forgot that the mandatory eight-count for knockdowns does not apply in championship fights and thereby gave Rocky precious seconds to recover from a state of total grogginess. It was most unfair to Moore, who thus blew his big chance. Kessler's vote was most unfair to Patterson. He not only may have been wrong, as he admits. He was wrong. (C.M.)



What a Treat !

For big anniversary occasions and small everyday occasions, Black & White is the Scotch Whisky most called for in America. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character



BLended SCOTCH WHISKY 40% PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

MANTLE OF THE BABE

continued from page 14

(Mantle's age) hit 58 home runs in 1932, had one long good surge in May and June (22 in 44 games) and a long lukewarm period in midsummer. But twice he went through 10 straight games without a single home.

No one was more erratic than Hank Greenberg when he hit 58 in 1933. He went along evenly at first until June 1, when he fell into an abrupt slump and hit only one home run in the next 16 games. Once that was over he started up like an outboard motor, a spatter of home runs, a brief hesitation, another spatter, another, and then *boooooo* through the end of July. He hit 23 home runs in only 18 games, the greatest sustained streak of home run hitting of any of the great sluggers. It ended in a wild crescendo: a home run on July 24, two on July 25, two more on July 27, two more on July 29 and two more on July 30. Then the motor stalled and in the following 17 games Greenberg added just one. In mid-August he came alive again and

hit a blistering 20 in the next 49 games. Five days before the end of the season Hank had his 58 home runs. He needed but two more to tie Ruth, those to beat him. What happened? Well, you remember those outboard motors of the '30s. Didn't a couple of them pick the most frustrating times to back out?

Ruth himself was erratic. In 1927 he raced through May and into the middle of June, the pace that Mantle has been surpassing. From mid-June until mid-August he slowed down to a comparative crawl. By August 16 the Babe was 29 games behind his pace when he had hit 59 in 1921. But from then to the end of the season Ruth hit homers at an ever-increasing rate. With nine games to play he was still away shy of 60. Ruth, ever dramatic, hit the seven, four of them in the last four games.

Some time, maybe, Mantle will have the curiosity to go back some 29 years, to a day of grandeur such as he may live to enjoy himself. If so, this is what

he will read in the *New York Times* of October 1, 1927:

"Babe Ruth scaled the highest unassisted heights yesterday. Home-Run 60, a terrific smash off the southpaw pitching of Zachary, landed in the Babe's favorite spot in the right field bleachers. . . .

"When the Babe stepped to the plate in that momentous eighth inning the scene was electrified. Evening was on third base, the result of a triple, one man was out and all was tense. It was the Babe's fourth trip to the plate during the afternoon, a base on balls and two singles resulting on his other visits plateward."

A FITTING WALKOFF

"The first Zachary offering was a fast one, which sailed over for a called strike. The next was high. The Babe took a vicious swing at the third pitched ball and the bat connected with a crash that was audible in all parts of the stand. . . . The hopes of the bleachers indicated the route of the record homer. It dropped about half way to the top. Boys, No. 60 was some homer, a fitting walkoff to top the Babe's record of 59 in 1921."

"While the crowd cheered and the Yankee players raised their greetings the Babe made his triumphant, almost regal tour of the paths. He jogged around slowly, touched each bag firmly and carefully, and when he reached his spikes in the rubber disk to record officially Homer 60, hats were tossed in the air, papers were torn up and tossed liberally and the spirit of celebration permeated the place."

"The Babe's stroll out to his position was the signal for a handkerchief salute in which all the bleachers, to the last man, participated. Jovial Babe entered into the spirit and punctuated his kingly strides with a succession of snappy military salutes. . . .

"The ball . . . was fast, low and inside. The Babe pulled away from the plate, then stepped into the ball and wham! . . . it was about 18 feet fair and curving rapidly to the right."

"The ball which became Homer 60 was caught by Joe Farney, of 1937 First Avenue, Manhattan."

Through the jargon of that anonymous writer seeps the unmistakable hallmark of high sporting drama. Whether Mickey himself will ever know a similar moment depends as much on his ability to emulate Ruth's poise and presence and competitive spark as it does on his bat, but his broad, broad back seems ready to receive the mantle of the Babe. (Continued)

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Scored	Runs Allowed	Runs Behind	Runs Ahead
NATIONAL LEAGUE								
Cincinnati	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Chicago	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Philadelphia	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Pittsburgh	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Brooklyn	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Washington	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Philadelphia	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
AMERICAN LEAGUE								
Cleveland	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Detroit	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
St. Paul	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Chicago	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Washington	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
New York	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Boston	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Baltimore	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Philadelphia	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1

TEAM LEADERS

Player	Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Scored	Runs Allowed	Runs Behind	Runs Ahead
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1

HEROES AND GOATS

THE HEROES (by June 10)

Player	Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Scored	Runs Allowed	Runs Behind	Runs Ahead
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1

THE GOATS

Player	Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Scored	Runs Allowed	Runs Behind	Runs Ahead
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
Goose Goslin	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1
Sam Rice	St. Louis	10	11	174	27	11	10	1	1



Now... the convenience of Borg-Warner
automatic transmission
available in the **Jaguar XK-140**
convertible and hardtop coupe.





enjoy the thrill of a

Century



In an age of action Century thoroughbred boats command special attention. Exhilarating speeds — all Century boats have it from the Coronado, world's fastest-stroke motorboat, to the tiny Palomino outboard. Control? — you're in command at the touch of your hand. Beauty? — Century's exclusive styling is obvious. And there's a Century — cruiser, runabout or outboard thoroughbred — for all the adventures awaiting you on world waterways. Visit your Century dealer soon for a demonstration ride. Write now for colorful brochure.



CENTURY BOAT COMPANY

Box 196

Manitowish, Michigan

Talent-packed NCAA, interservice championships are first of four California stops for U.S. athletes on the

ROAD TO MELBOURNE

IT HAS BEEN a magnificent spring. Great champions have demonstrated once again to an already incredulous audience that there is virtually no limit to the accomplishments of human speed, skill and strength. Unknown young athletes have hurried to international fame. And yet none of it means a thing. For what has been taking place, on every cinder track and in every shotput ring and vaulting pit across the nation, has been mere preparation for these consecutive weekends which lie ahead and which promise to be among the most dramatic and important in the history of track and field. From these next three weekends, on four California tracks, the 1956 U.S. Olympic team will emerge.

It will be the best Olympic track and field team the United States has ever produced. In many events, U.S. superiority over the rest of the world is so marked that the big problems really revolve around which trio of American citizens, in each of 22 events, is better than some half dozen others. That is what the next three weekends should solve.

First stop on the road to Melbourne is a double feature. At Berkeley this weekend the National Collegiate championships will qualify the first six finishers (excluding non-U.S. citizens) in each event for the U.S. Olympic Trials. At the same time, in the Interservice championships at Fort MacArthur, track men from the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps will be battling for the three qualifying spots allotted to that meet in each event. Then on June 22-23 at Bakemfield, the National AAU meet will qualify a final six, and this is open to all amateurs, whether members of clubs, college teams, military organizations or even if unaffiliated with any organization at all. For many, the AAU will be their only chance. For others who missed at Berkeley or at Fort MacArthur, it will be a second chance. And for some who have already gained a spot in the

Trials, it will be an opportunity to test their spikes—and maybe go after a record—on what has been called the world's fastest track.

On June 23-24 the survivors get together at Los Angeles to determine which three, in each event, will make the trip to Melbourne.

In a normal year the accent at the NCAA meet would be on the team



NCAA FAVORITES are Indiana's Greg Bell, broad jump, and Oklahoma's Acemoglu, longstrikid J. W. Mauburn (400 meters).

championship, but there is more significance this year in the speed of an Arnie Sewell or a Dave Sims than in the possibility that a Kansas or a UCLA might topple the University of Southern California from the throne the mighty Trojans have occupied for seven consecutive years.

The college field at Berkeley this weekend ought to send nearly 30 men to the Olympics, some two dozen of them as members of the U.S. team and the rest as representatives of countries such as Iceland (Miller Ron Delany of Villanova), Australia (Miller Jim Bailey of Oregon), Finland (Pole Veather Eelis Landstrom of Michigan) and

Trinidad (Sprinter Mike Agostini of Fresno State). There could be even more, for this is an amazing collection of fine young athletes.

In the 300 meters, for example, Long Stanley of San Jose State and Billy Tidwell of Emporia (Kans.) Teachers can furnish the competition necessary to push Pitt's fabulous Arnie Sewell to a new world record. In the 400 meters, Defending Champion J. W. Mauburn of Oklahoma A&M meets Villanova's Charley Jenkins, the 1955 AAU winner, and Penn's Johnny Haines, who, in view of his performances in recent weeks, appears ready to abandon the sprints, where he was one of the nation's best, in favor of the longer distance, where he has been looking even better. And the pole vault will feature three boys who have already been over the magic height of 13 feet this spring—Don Bragg of Villanova, Bob Gatoski of Occidental and Southern Cal's Ron Morris.

Also at Berkeley, together for the first time, will be the three streaking sophomores who could conceivably be the entire U.S. entry in the dashes at Melbourne: Bobby Morrow of Athens Christian, Dave Sims of Duke and Leamon King of California.

Bobby Seaman of UCLA, the best U.S. college miler, gets another shot at two four-minute runs, Bailey and Delany, Rater Johnson of UCLA, the No. 1 Olympic decathlon hope, doesn't figure to win any of his specialties at Berkeley but should provide tremendous competition to Indiana's Greg Bell in the broad jump and Lee Calhoun of North Carolina College in the high hurdles. Ed Nieder of Kansas, the only college shotputter ever to surpass 60 feet, is a favorite to win his event for the second straight year, but no one is underestimating Manhattan's Ken Hanton, a 39-footer in his own right. And the discus throw, which may send up denting the eventual team champion, is loaded with talent: Al Grier of Kansas, Rink Babka and Jack Egan of Southern Cal, Ron Drummond and Don Vink of UCLA, Carl Verren of Georgia Tech.

Despite all the individual glitter, there remains the issue of the team championship and the manner in which UCLA, Kansas and possibly Villanova seek to bring the almost legendary domination of Southern California to an end. Southern Cal, even with the loss by injury and illness of such stars as Two-Miler Fernando Ledesma, Shotputter Ray Martin and Broad Jumper Don Arnett, retains its

(continued on next page)

As Britain loses one to France, Needles and Fabius move on to Belmont Park for the season's decisive

STAMINA TEST

IT'S an increasingly heavy accent on races of a mile and a sixteenth or under, we usually find it somewhat difficult to appreciate that racing's oldest tradition calls for a mile and a half as the classic middle distance.

Today, just to illustrate to what extent U.S. racing has veered from the original conception of the classics, there are but a handful of distance stakes run each year. Even in England, whence the heritage came, breeders apparently have been persuaded that there is a greater public demand for sprinters. Commercially speaking, that's fine, but for the English breeder or owner who retains his respect for tradition there was nothing but gloom on the horizon at Epsom last week as the numbers went up following the 177th running of the Derby, a mile-and-a-half grind which European horsemen still struggle to win as they struggle to win no other race in the world. The point of British breeding deficiency was painfully driven home when the French colt Lavandin came down in front after a superb ride by 51-year-old Australian Raa (Le Crocodile) Johnston, 84, Nov. 13, 1994, ahead of another invader from France, Masterful, while an Irish colt, Bolinas, finished third. No Englishman had to be reminded that France—where there is still a heavy emphasis on stamina as well as speed—has now accounted for five of the 11 postwar Derbies.

The whole question of speed and stamina naturally leads us to our own distance races, and in particular to the U.S. equivalent of the Epsom Derby, which is this week's 88th running of the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. The so-called third leg of the American Triple Crown has been referred to as a breeder's race. Ask a breeder why he'd like to win the Kentucky Derby and his honestly given answer would be that he would thoroughly enjoy the worldwide prestige and publicity. Ask the same man why he'd like to win the Belmont and the reply would be that

the winner of the Belmont usually not only proves himself the top 3-year-old of his generation but he also stands the best chance of becoming a successful stallion when his racing days are over. In fact, nine of the past 16 Belmont winners were selected as the champion 3-year-olds of their respective years.

BELMONT IS BEST

Much has been said about the significance of the Kentucky Derby and how—for all its prestige—the first Saturday in May might be too early in the career of a 3-year-old to ask him to carry 124 pounds for a mile and a quarter. To be sure, winter racing and even winter training may possibly bring a horse into racing maturity faster than was the case 50 years ago, but the point to be made here is that rarely a Derby winner may still have won because his opposition had not reached the same degree of maturity. In effect, then, the best horse doesn't automatically win the Derby, but six weeks later a colt, in order to carry the same weight an extra quarter of a mile, almost has to be the best to win the Belmont. For, most important of all, he has to be sound and durable to withstand training. And, of course, he must—like the French Epsom Derby winners—have both speed and stamina. No sprinter has ever won the Belmont, whereas a check of the Kentucky Derby records would reveal an occasional pair

where the winner got by on speed alone.

Although some experts hold to the theory that speed comes from the sire and the stamina from the dam, it is probable that both parents contribute almost equally.

Looking over the list of probable Belmont starters we come to some pretty familiar names. The most interesting colts, of course, are Needles and Fabius, whose rivalry in the Derby and Preakness has done as much as anything to build up the Belmont to a point where it now must be considered as the conclusive test between the pair, and, in all likelihood, the test to determine true 3-year-old championship horses. In winning the Derby, Needles demonstrated a magnificent stretch run to catch and defeat Fabius. Two weeks later his stretch run lacked its customary punch and Fabius was the Preakness winner. In neither of these races were any of the other starters serious factors in the late running. Thus, on the surface, you might conclude that the Belmont should wind up as a two-horse race and that such other prospective starters as Career Boy, Jazz Age, Countersand and possibly Ricer Taxi, Beau Dabbe and Third Brother will string along merely in quest of third and fourth money. Let's dig then, for a moment, beneath the surface and see what some of the bloodlines of these colts reveal. Fabius is a son of Citation and therefore is descended from one of the great horses produced in this country. The word "great," far too loosely tossed around in the evaluation of horseflesh these days, is taken here to mean a horse who could sprint, go the middle distances, go the long way, carry weight and win decisively. Citation, a Belmont winner himself, had these attributes. Fabius' dam, the unnamed Shamoon, is a daughter of the good runner Royal Minstrel and descends also from the noted sire The Tetrarch. Thus, Fabius, in the true

(continued on next page)



"Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream. . . ."

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 50 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

Rugged individualism and 15,700 lost pheasants provoke a bitter battle in New York, and in Washington, D.C. fish are about to be divorced from wildlife

CONSERVATION COMMISSIONER WEHLE HURLS LURID CHARGES AND FACES INQUIRY

A FORTNIGHT AGO Louis Aloysius Wehle, an affable 68-year-old bear bawler who dabbles in the intricacies of modern wildlife management, capped 18 blizzards months as New York Conservation Commissioner with a speech that goaded his already battle-weary department into open rebellion and evoked such anguished howls of lay as well as official indignation that Governor Averell Harriman has had to concede the embarrassing necessity for a public inquiry into his own appointee's charges.

If he stays in office through the hearings, Commissioner Wehle may find his administration of New York conservation attacked on a number of counts as something less than enlightened, but the immediate cause of Harriman's drastic action was the petulantly brutal accusation from Mr. Wehle that a "secret fraternity" in the Department of Conservation, through "gross negligence" or "deliberate sabotage," had torpedoed his pet project to toughen hatchery pheasants by rearing them in the wild. Of 20,000 young birds shipped to Lake Ontario's Grenadier Island, charged Wehle, 15,700 died, virtually all from botulism, and the man "100% to blame" was chief of the department's Game Bureau, Dr. E. L. Chestnut, who had deliberately authorized botulism-infected birds included in the shipment. Wailed Wehle: "It was like sending kids with measles into a kindergarten full of unvaccinated children."

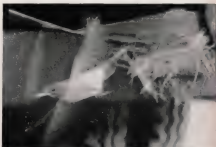
Within hours of the commissioner's unfortunate words he was caught with his facts miserably down and the national dander up. Almost without exception men and organizations prominent in American conservation activity, and many out of it, have made public their unequalled support of Dr. Chestnut. But the most scathing commentary on Mr. Wehle's action came from Hester W. Forbush who, in

16 years as editor of *The New York State Conservationist*, guided that publication to a position of respect unique in its field. Wrote Forbush to the commissioner: "... By making such charges I believe you have struck a body blow at the morale of all of the rank and file of this department. ... I do not think it advisable, or even possible, for me to continue to edit the department's magazine in the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust you have created. I am therefore resigning." Mr. Wehle accepted the resignation without comment.

Amid the hubbub, Dr. Chestnut's

confident denial of the commissioner's accusations went relatively unnoticed, and he is reluctant to pursue the matter publicly. In fairness to Mr. Wehle, he told an SI correspondent, he will wait and present his case to the three conservationists selected by Governor Harriman to conduct hearings. That case, however, will be a strong one. Albany experts in veterinary medicine insist that precautions taken by Dr. Chestnut "strongly indicate" that birds shipped to Grenadier Island were not carrying botulism. They point out that this form of poisoning, far more deadly to man and animal than measles, is not communicable in the ordinary sense. The organism which causes the fatal disease is always prevalent in soil, but wildlife and humans can

continued on page 55

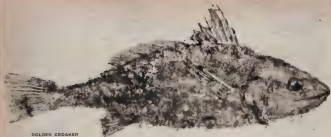


TIED ROBINS

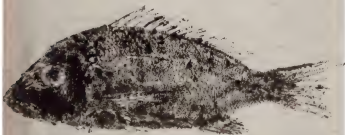
Presumably faced with a housing problem this spring, two robins built their nest, now complete with eggs, in the rear of an oil truck operating out of Oakawa, Ontario and they insist on keeping Driver Keith Moffat company during his daily 245-mile stint. The birds may leave the truck to forage, explains Moffat, but they manage

to catch up a rifle or two down the road.

Fortunately, Oil Firm Owner Harry Perry is an understanding man. When the eggs hatch, the truck will stand in the company's yard until the fledgling robins can fend for themselves. "When they have gone to all this trouble . . ." said Perry, "we will certainly not interfere with their home."



GOLDEN CROAKER



RED SNAPPER



FLOUNDER

THE FISH PRINT

A traditional Japanese art of recording prize catches provides an exciting new hobby for sport fishermen

by ELAINE ST. MAUR

THE UNUSUAL PICTURES on the opposite page are examples of a subtle art form, the Japanese fish print, or *gyosha*, which stems from the sport of fishing. Sport fishermen of Japan have recorded their prize catch with fish prints for centuries, but Westerners only recently have become aware of this process. One who has tried his hand at it is Fred T. (Cappy) Kaland, a retired businessman in Houston, Texas. Kaland became interested when he read an article on fish prints, and started working out his own way of doing them. His prints of a golden croaker (top, at left), a red snapper (center) and flounder from Texas, are the result.

On these pages Ealand shares with fellow fishermen the process of fish printing as he has developed it. The account that Kaland found about Japanese prints was not extensive, and the deceptively simple process of inking a fresh-caught fish and laying a sheet of rice paper over it presented numerous problems. He tried many inks and papers before deciding on the most suitable for his use. He is still experimenting, and anyone who does a fish print will be tempted to try new methods, perhaps using colored inks as the Japanese sometimes do.

Basically the prospective fish printer must have a flat board, some rice paper, glue, brushes, ink, brads and tack-hammer, a few small flat pieces of wood, a fish and lots of patience. Kaland uses a thin solution of glue (gum tragacanth, a powdered variety dissolved in water) to seal the pores of the freshly washed fish, although the Japanese do not usually do this. And in place of Japanese rice, a thick carbon-black ink, he uses Higgins' neutral, grayish and lime dyes.

The strip pictures at right show the step by step process. In No. 1 Kaland wipes the fish with a damp sponge to keep it moist; in No. 3 fins and tail are tacked with brads to small pieces of wood, fanning them out for proper effect. The heads of the brads are clipped off and tapped flush with the fin to avoid perforating the paper. In picture No. 2 Kaland brushes the fish with gum tragacanth; in No. 4 he fastens rice paper to the board with thumbtacks, carefully measuring it so that the printed

continues on next page



BOLDER BRAD STOWES AND TACKS PREPARATORY TO MAKING A PRINT



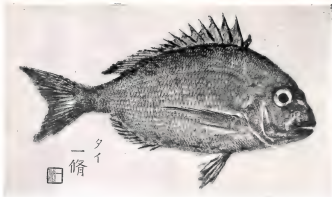
CONTINUE OF GUM AND CAREFUL PLACING OF THE PAPER COMES NEXT



INK IS APPLIED WITH A BRUSH AT THE MIDDLE, WORKING TO SIDES



FINISHES AND TAKES IN THE PRINT, PRESSING FIRM ON THE BACK OF THE RICE PAPER



THE BEAUTY AND DETAIL WHICH CAN BE ATTAINED IN A FISH PRINT IS EASILY SEEN IN THIS LIKELY ONE DONE BY A JAPANESE MASTER

FISH PRINTS

continued from page 43

impression will be centered. No. 5 shows him applying ink with a camel's hair brush. Ekland starts in the middle and works toward the edges because the ink runs down the sides. The fins are inked last. After letting it set for about three minutes he retouches spots that need more ink. The crucial stage is shown in picture No. 6: letting the paper down over the inked fish without smudging. When accomplished, Ekland gently presses and strokes the paper with a wad of cleansing tissue or cotton (No. 7), starting at the tail. Picture No. 8 shows the breathless moment of slowly and carefully peeling the paper back to reveal the finished print.

In the hands of a master craftsman this art reaches an apex of artistic and scientific merit. From the viewpoint of the ichthyologist it is an accurate "blueprint" with which he can study a fish at leisure, analyzing its characteristics and counting each scale. As a work of art a fish print has high decorative value and when framed makes a handsome addition to the campus room or country house.

There is a more difficult and exacting method of making *gyotaku*, in which the Japanese excel and which gives an impression of the greatest detailed accuracy. It is called the indirect method. Instead of inking the fish one prepares it by cleaning the scales with a toothpick and then wetting it. The rice paper is laid on it and carefully molded to it with light pressure. The ink is then dabbed on the damp paper with a bit of cotton wrapped in silk, or a fine powder puff. A light and dexterous touch is needed to do this correctly, but if it is achieved the result is beautiful.

The beginner's first prints by either direct or indirect methods will probably not be clear or precise. But he should not lose heart. The fact that one can become expert is proven by the quality of the Japanese *gyotaku*. There is

a *Gyotaku Club* in Tokyo which recently held an exhibition of their art. It received critical acclaim. And included in it were the works of two Westerners, a British dentist and an American woman, who had learned the art while living in the Orient. A similar exhibition from Tokyo opens in New York's Museum of Natural History June 22. (RRB)



HAPPY EKLAND poses with a finished print in front of a painting he did inspired by Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*.



RED-TOPPED SPINNAKER gets thermal life from warming air, kept up on red band, rules. High and full in lightest breeze.

THREE DAYS AFTER he won the Southern Circuit championship in his 38-foot eight-inch yawl *Finisterre*, Carleton Mitchell made a bold guess. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said, "if *Finisterre* started something of a revolution in boat design." (51, March 28). Last week, on the eve of the 20th biannual Bermuda Race—premier event of East Coast racing and the oldest blue-water race in the country—it looked as though the revolution was already at hand. The Bermuda Race runs 835 miles from Newport, R.I., across the Gulf Stream, where squalls often knock down the smaller boats while the deep-keeled 70-footers can use their driving power to get out ahead and beat their time handicaps. Yet in the fleet that heads for the island June 16, nearly half of the record-breaking 58 entries measure 46 feet or less. Moreover, the hottest favorite is not a keelboat at all but the fat-bodied little centerboarder, *Finisterre*.

Like any revolutionary, *Finisterre* is as much a product of change as a cause of it. And the forces in yachting design that produced *Finisterre*—the perfect combination of fast racer and comfortable cruiser—have been at work since the first race to Bermuda in 1886.

In those infant days an ocean race was just a bunch of the cruising boys who thought it might be fun to get together. It was pretty much come-as-you-are, with no formal handicaps and no nonsense about dipping in a cast-iron water tank for ballast or building a whole new boat just to get there first.

The first Bermuda winner (see box p. 61) was an honest, 34-foot yawl named *Towerline* that made the passage in

BOATING by EZRA BOWEN

Carleton Mitchell's fat yawl *Finisterre* is the most exciting boat in the Bermuda Race, and has started a revolution in

OCEAN RACING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD WELLS

five days, six hours and nine minutes. But then the 86-footers got into it, and within four years the race died of big-boat domination.

It was revived in 1933, with a set of rules limiting length to 70 feet and awarding progressively higher time allowances to the smaller boats. However, marine architects quickly discovered that within the limits of length there were still ways to build faster boats. Hulls that had been built wide for comfort and ahead for shallow harbors gave way to narrow-beamed racers with deep keels, cramped quarters and a tendency to take the fast, wet route through a wave rather than the dry, slow way over it. In the late '20s the Cruising Club of America took over and tried to check the tendency toward pure racing boats by a broader set of rating rules. But all they produced was a more sophisticated set of rule-breakers, like the radically slender *Genie* and in the early '30s her latter sister *Stormy Weather*, both designed by Architect Olin Stephens.

"The truth was," said Olin Stephens last week, "that the rule had not been very scientific. If all boats were geometrically similar, you could rate them on one dimension—length, for example. But as soon as Mr. X, who wants to win the race, gets together with Mr. Y, the designer, they build a boat with all the characteristics of speed except for that

continued on page 62

STEADY HANDS is still longer. Mitchell's *Finisterre* keeps deck dry, drives into choppy sea with power and stability of far larger boat. Turn page for color photographs of cabin and deck plan.





LIVING/DINING AREA into the main cabin. Features 20-gal. storage of sparemanpower supplies (8-hour torch length, 10-hour torch beam). Drop-down table in center is set on gimbals, remains level in

rough seas. Lower storage designed to allow port-to-starboard access. The upper level is removable. Tiny coal stove and 10-in. fold-down bedfold table keeps the cabin's water in robust, weather-



TIME/TEMPERATURE for offshore navigation are being from blinged here. Above port panel is the main cabin. Below, electronic board can all-weather radio powered by the self-contained battery.



VENTILATION/DRINK just out from cabin, next to galley sink and acts as a rough-weather vent for the cook. Opening in top of the trunk has a removable metal pail used as ship's garbage can.



LIVING, OFF-cooking and navigating facilities are compactly arranged around the companionway. At right in background is three-burner alcohol stove. To left of the stove is oceanboard

trunk, with galley sink behind. Ladder leads to cockpit, divide galley from the chargeport set off from the sleeping area by bulkhead at left. Electronic depth finder is at top next to the hatch.



NAVIGATOR'S DRAWER under the main instrument panel has sextant (right), clinometer (top) for measuring the boat's position against objects of known height, and 35-mm. camera (left).



COMBINATION dish cabinet, locker and chartroom is typical of tight use of space on *Pinnaroo*. Instruments for plotting courses are at left. The locker is under a flat-topped mahogany counter.



WICHITIC SKIFFING is hindered through narrow's permanently-attached' channels; they require skilled to maneuver past low, banks.



WICHITIC SKIFFING is hindered through narrow's permanently-attached' channels; they require skilled to maneuver past low, banks.

DECK RULER is used to measure depth, and is usually used for a boat this size. Deck itself is of metal, (aluminum) covering, conventional surface.



BOATING

continued from page 28

one dimension. Then you need a really complicated rule that takes into account all factors of design, or you'll get trouble."

The rule the Cruising Club thought up to beat the rule-bookers stands today as about the most complicated document in sport. In its present form it is a 27-page labyrinth of fractions and rating tables that measures every plank and angle on a boat by means of such wonderful equations

as: $P_h = \sqrt[3]{\left(\frac{1}{35}\right)^3 - H^2}$ —which is a learned way of saying your spinnaker should not be too big.

In essence the rule takes the following stand: extreme length, narrow beam, tall masts and great sail area make boats go faster. If carried too far, all these tendencies lead away from healthy cruising concepts. Therefore, all short, fat, shallow-draft, little boats receive time allowances over the racing machines.

Then, two years ago, along came *Finistère* to win 17 of 29 races in all kinds of weather, and now the rule makers aren't sure what to think. The rule says fat boats pound or wallow in waves the long boats slice through. Yet *Finistère*, whose length is only 2½ times her beam, drives through like a 40-footer. The rule says ocean weight slows a boat; but Mitchell's yawl is built like a truck and loaded with gadgetry. Finally, the rule says, and everybody knows, that a centerboarder hasn't the depth and stability to go to windward. But *Finistère* goes to windward probably better than any little heavy-weather boat ever has. Briefly, *Finistère* beats the rule; and the extraordinary part of it is that she was never intended as a rule-beater.

"I agree you say word," says Carleton Mitchell, "that not once in my discussions with Sparkman and Stephens when we were building and planning *Finistère* did we mention the ratings, or any way we could beat the rule.

"When I first built this boat she came out round and fat, and people said she was a chunker. It's just as though you entered a sports car race in a big, heavy sedan, and the rules favored her, so you get a big handicap. Then it turned out that you were faster than the Jaguar.

"My idea in *Finistère* was to build a floating home for two people. A boat that could poke into the smallest harbors, but rugged enough to take a hurricane in mid-ocean. I wanted something I could take for an afternoon sail by myself; but I wanted her capable of sleeping a full racing crew of seven. Nothing was left out of her that could contribute to the good life afloat. I don't think any

boat's ever been built better than we built *Finistère*."

Certainly no boat has ever been planned better. Mitchell has sailed all his life. In the last 10 years he has raced and cruised more than 50,000 miles, and *Finistère* represents the best idea from all those years and miles on the water.

Before the keel was laid, Mitchell had a complete plywood mockup of the cabin made. Then he crawled all over the mockup to find out what the paper plans had not told him. The cabin was too narrow, so he widened it. He moved the stove from starboard to port, changed the angle of the bulkheads in the main cabin, and fixed the main bunks so they could be pulled out at night.

He picked the lumber for the actual construction with the same loving care. For the frames, Connecticut white oak.

"Better than Maine oak," says Mitchell, "winter-cut to be free of sap. African mahogany and teak for the interior, and on the interior deck raised holly strips for better footing. The sides are double-planked with 1½-inch Honduras mahogany over 1½-inch Port Orford cedar. Main deck and structural bulkheads are mahogany plywood. The deck is covered with canvas, and the spars are spruce.

Of her 27 sails, only two are cotton, and those a special maulmull and a mizzen for the Atlantic crossing. Mitchell plans for just after the Bermuda Race. The rest are nylon and dacron—nylon for the light sails because it stretches to give a bigger belly, dacron for the working sails that have to hold their shape in the heaviest weather. As with the sails, all the sheets and halyards that must not stretch are dacron. The anchor lines, which should have some give, are nylon.

She has wheel steering instead of the more sensitive tiller because a wheel is less work in a seaway and because a

wheel can take the automatic pilot—a device unheard of on any boat the size of *Finistère*.

Down below she is the ultimate example of the perfect unused space—tongue, no bigger than the thickness of a large ocean liner, she somehow manages to look like a palace. And so the drawings on these pages show, nothing has been left out. She has a mechanical toilet, a mechanical shower, depth finders, barographs and enough other gadgets to sink a normal boat her size. With everything aboard she weighs 22,746 pounds—and still she wins races.

How does she do it? "For one thing, she's got everything," says Dick Nye, winner of the 1982 Bermuda race and a threat to *Finistère* for the upcoming race. "And he sails the hell out of her."

Dick Nye Jr. agrees. "Look at his crew [Richard H.

continued on next page



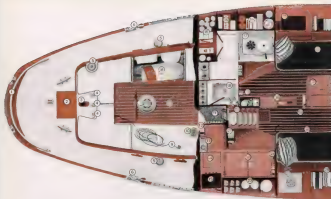
"FINISTÈRE" SKIPPER Carleton Mitchell sailed two years on ship's plans, won 17 of 29 races, now launching in 1974.

WINNING BOATS IN PAST BERMUDA RACES

1905—FRAMERLACK, 18' yawl, Frank Miller;
1907—DREYFUS, 17' schooner, H. A. Moore;
1908—VANDORA, 65' schooner, E. J. Ellis;
1909—MARGARET, 55' schooner, G. S. Ross;
1910—MARGARET, 55' schooner, H. S. Vanderbilt;
1923—MALABAR IV, 46' schooner, J. G. Alden;
1924—MERIDIAN, 58' yawl, H.

Bovier;
1926—MELANESIA, 16, 37' schooner, J. G. Alden;
1928—ROSENA H, 39' yawl, R. Grinnell;
1930—MALAY, 45' schooner, R. W. Ferris;
1932—MALABAR H, 36' schooner, J. G. Alden;
1934—KOLLA, 34' cutter, R. Schaeffer;
1936—KIRAWAN, 31' cutter, R. Baruch;
1938—BARONA, 74'

yawl, H. C. Taylor;
1940—GESPUR, 37' ketch, H. Fuller;
1948—BARONA, 72' yawl, H. C. Taylor;
1950—SANTYL, 57' yawl, Wm. Moore;
1952—MALABAR, 45' yawl, R. N. Nye;
1954—MALAY, 38' yawl, D. Stockbauer;
1956—MELANESIA—71 hrs., 34 min., by HIGHLAND LIGHT in 1955.



BOATING

continued from page 31

Bertram, Lockwood M. Pirls, Henry K. Rigg, Edward B. Freeman, Cornsith Cramer Jr., Henry Davis). It reads like an all-star list of ocean racers. Some of the hotshots he takes as crew, we'd be sort of nervous to have them aboard. You'd be afraid they'd give you an inferiority complex." With the Nye racing record, there was little danger of that, but it was an indication of the respect in which Mitchell and *Finiserra* have come to be held. It was, moreover, a real compliment, since the Nyes are among the crack racers who have recently turned to small centerboarders.

"Small boats," said the junior Nye, "are easier to manage. It's easier to get six for a crew than the dozen you would need for a big one. And then a small boat handles much quicker, can shift quickly to take advantage of new wind, and jiving the spinnaker doesn't take 10 guys."

All this is true, but the real story, the essence of the revolution, lies in *Finiserra's* design. In her, all the factors that should make a boat go slowly add up and cancel each other out. Her weight gives her driving power to keep moving in a chop, and her short length allows her to ride up and over the big waves. Her broad beam and heavy construction provide the stability to ride under the jib-headed rig that traditionally would have called for a keel; and the retractable board gives an advantage going downwind. And finally the designers reversed her fat curves to make them concave at the forward waterline and below so that she cuts through the waves instead of pounding.

Result—a perfect Bermuda boat, a boat that follows the rule in every detail, yet comes out a mile ahead. The only

continued on page 44



"FINISERRA" (left) includes mizzen, main, jib, boom, mast—711 square feet, can easily be handled by one man.



INSIDE 'FINISTERRE'

- | | |
|---|--|
| ① After pulpit | ②③ Navigating instruments |
| ② Lazzaretto hatch | ④ All-wave radio |
| ③ Mizon | ⑤ Centerboard winch handle |
| ④ Manchest blocks | ⑥ Radio direction finder |
| ⑤ Washes | ⑦ Trunk deck with raised holly strips |
| ⑥ Combination check-and-sash blocks for genoa, spinnaker sheets | ⑧ Bookshelves |
| ⑦ Wheel and binnacle | ⑨ Main berths can be pulled out (plated kniv) for more sleeping room |
| ⑧ Sail and rope lockers | ⑩ Deployed table set on gimbals |
| ⑨ Automatic pilot remote control | ⑪ Cabin heater |
| ⑩ Hand pump for bilge | ⑫ Linen lockers |
| ⑪ Switchboard and instrument panel | ⑬ Shower |
| ⑫ Distance-run recorder | ⑭ Sink |
| ⑬ Barograph | ⑮ Mainmast |
| ⑭ Vegetable bin | ⑯ Store clothes locker |
| ⑮ Radio telephone | ⑰ Oilbin and boat locker |
| ⑯ Food lockers | ⑱ Acordion-type door to forward cabin |
| ⑰ Stove | ⑲ Folding sink |
| ⑱ Galley sink | ⑳ Shelves |
| ⑲ Garbage pail recessed in centerboard trunk | ㉑ Forward berths |
| ⑳ Companionway | ㉒ Drawers and lockers under forward berths |
| ㉑ Portable depth finder | ㉓ Forward ventilator |
| ㉒ Index top used as chart table | ㉔ Mooring cleats |
| ㉓ Deck cabinet | ㉕ Forward pulpit |



BOATING

continued from page 68

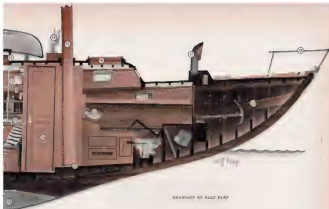
- ① After pulpit
- ② Rigger
- ③ Clutch
- ④ Wheel
- ⑤ Rudder
- ⑥ Movable lockers
- ⑦ Gondolier's containers
- ⑧ Companionway
- ⑨ Glass rack
- ⑩ All-wire cable (chromium) swing down from above
- ⑪ Translucent bottom dinghy
- ⑫ Daylight
- ⑬ Kerosene gas-lit lamp
- ⑭ Main-cabin ventilator
- ⑮ Masthead
- ⑯ Forward hatchcover with translucent plastic top
- ⑰ Forward ventilator
- ⑱ Forward pulpit
- ⑲ Forepeak
- ⑳ Storage space
- ㉑ Forward head
- ㉒ Folding sink
- ㉓ Mainmast dingy of sheet Metal
- ㉔ Doorway to main head
- ㉕ Removable pipe berths for additional crew
- ㉖ Lead rollers in keel weigh 5,000 pounds
- ㉗ 157-lb. bronze centerboard adds 3' 7" to draft
- ㉘ Centerboard wench and handle
- ㉙ Garbage pail recessed in centerboard trunk
- ㉚ 32-hp gasoline engine
- ㉛ Automatic pilot mechanism
- ㉜ Two-bladed propeller
- ㉝ Metal fuel tank holds 52 gallons
- ㉞ Valve cutoff on exhaust keeps water from backing into engine
- ㉟ Engine exhaust

part of *Finisterre* that Mitchell didn't care for was her price tag. "I can tell you she's probably the most expensive boat of her size ever built, feet for feet—a fact of which I am not proud," he said. The highest estimate he would acknowledge was "more than \$60,000."

Less expensive copies of her are springing up everywhere. Of the 21 cruising sailboats now on the drawing boards at Sparkman and Stephens, 18 are centerboarders. And *Finisterre*'s most dangerous competitor for the Bermuda Race is Colin Ratsey's 40-foot centerboard yawl *Gottfrede*, an admitted *Finisterre* imitator.

Obviously the revolution is at hand. And as usual, the forces of conservatism, as manifested in the Cruising Club rule, are moving to check the revolutionaries. "Any time any one boat has demonstrated she's found a loophole in the rule, the rule has been changed," said Mitchell. "It's now up before the Cruising Club to penalize centerboarders—which means *Finisterre*. But they're kind of stuck this time because *Finisterre* carries to an extreme what the rule says should be good, but at the same time makes a boat go slow. Still a record like ours does require some action."

Whether it does or not, there seems little doubt that there is going to be action. No matter what the committee does, however, Carleton Mitchell has proved what he set out to, and as far as changes in the rules are concerned, he will still take *Finisterre* any day. "I don't give a damn about the rule," he said. "We're beating boats almost twice our size without a handicap." C.R.H.



DRAWING BY RALPH RUPP

ENTRIES FOR THE 1956 BERMUDA RACE

YACHTS

WESTERN-79' 8", H. C. Haskell Jr.;
Bougie-53', Sam Sabin; WYOMING-73',
W. S. Gabelmann; KAYAKS-71', U.S.
Navy; COSTON BLOSSOM (V)-71', W. H.
Wheeler Jr.; PETERA-70' 3", U.S. Coast
Guard; BLUE SWAN-69', M. E. Hous-
monde; KOSKANTA-69' 2", R. Stigler;
SEA LARK-68', G. Varney; ORIOLE-68',
Dr. L. B. Yelsh; BLUE BIRD-63', 16',
A. L. Loomis Jr.; MANTRO-61' 8", U.S.
Coast Guard; MILES-58' 4", Canadian
Navy; ARGYLE-58' 7", W. T. Moore; ROE
BOY-58', A. Boardman; OLIVE-58', C.
Hogard; CANTON-52' 8", E. S. Nye;
STORY WRITER-52' 8", J. J. O'Mah; OLYMPIC-52' 8", S. A. Long; RAY-52' 7",
S. Pined; SAGHA-52', G. R. Higgins;
PARADEISE-50' 7", G. Foxworth; CAL-
LEON-50', J. M. Brown; PELAGO-47' 2",
W. T. Smith; SEVEN-46' 8", C. W.
Wharton Jr.; PALANAN-46' 7", T. J. Wat-
son; CLARK-46' 4", F. E. Laidlaw;
WHITE MEET-46', G. W. R. White; KAYAKS-
46', J. Liberman; RAYMOND-45', E.
Casson; SWIFT-45' 8", U.S. Navy; RE-
CLAM-44' 1", U.S. Navy; POLAR-44',
U.S. Merchant Marine; DANF-44', U.S.
Navy; SCHLAFER VON HEDEN-44', R.

Evans; BESSIE-43' 11", U.S. Navy;
EATON-42' 11", J. T. Vail; ELSTAN-
42' 8", D. Miller Jr.; SWAN 38-40' 1",
W. M. Wood; IVINS-40', S. K. Wal-
man; COLLINGS-40', C. E. Bailey; JOE
-39' 11", C. Koch; BLUE SWAN-39' 11",
R. Lippert; MARY-37' 7", D. D.
Brockmeyer; PHAROOS-35' 6", C. Mich-
els; ROBINET-35', J. A. Roe; GHOST-35',
P. F. Miller; FLAME-33' 8", J. Tinsley;
CORCORAN 34', A. J. Parker; MARY
LADY 33-35' 3", G. T. Storgas.

KETCHES

WESTERN STAR 57' 8", J. J. Wilson; SE-
VEN 51-57' 8", C. Martin Jr.;
HERBY RAIDER-57' 8", R. L. Pratt; HAL-
LEO-52', P. Richmond; VALERIE-49'
11", R. S. Kapp; BLUE SWAN-48' 11",
W. G. Anderson; SEVEN STAR-45', J.
W. Malen II; VANDIA-44', A. M. Rob-
ertson II.

SLOOP

HIGHLAND LIGHT-51' 8", U.S. Navy; SE-
VEN-50' 8", A. H. Palmer; JULIE-50' 1",
P. Campbell; WHITE LIZ-48' 7", O. L.
Webb; CLARK-45' 8", H. B. deFont;
SOLUTION-45' 8", T. H. Rausing; SUN-

45' 5", T. H. Cross; MUSTANG-45' 8", R.
Stephens Jr.; SUTHER-45', W. Snelton;
HARRIS-41', C. R. Hart; BLUE KOLLEK-
39' 8", D. S. Hartshorn Jr.; KIMO-38',
W. E. Ryan; DEATH-35' 8", C. J.
Schmiedegge II; TRICHA II-35', M. de la
Pena; LARSEN-35' 8", H. M. Wilson.

SCHOONERS

BLUE WATER-72' 1", N.Y. Maritime Col-
lege; PARADISE-64' 3", P. S. deFont
III; CORAL 33-66' 4", E. B. Backus;
WIDA-58' 8", Dr. C. Fahn; SINGAR-56'
8", V. D. Smith; PORTER-55' 8", M.
J. Roring.

CUTTERS

MOON-67' 8", F. S. Guggenheim; FOX-
HOUND-63' 3", E. P. Kivett; NIMROD V
-58' 8", R. L. Hall; SALLY 33-65' 7",
R. B. M. Burton; OLGA-60', H. A. Wise
Jr.; SEVEN-45' 10", P. Hoffmann; IN-
DIANA-45', E. R. Williams; SEMOTA-44',
C. M. Dobson; KNOX-44' 11", Dr. A. T.
Callahan; PAME-42' 8", W. Backley;
SEPTEMBER 30-42' 2", G. P. Fla-
patrick; PHO-40' 8", M. Gibson-Mell
Jr.; TITAN-34' 8", J. A. Maloney;
KATKINA-34' 8", Dr. H. M. Rosenfeld.

GEHRIG'S LAST DAY

It was 17 years ago this week that Lou Gehrig learned of the fatal illness that ended his career. This is the story of the day he quit baseball, by the man who replaced him

by **BAKE DARLHÖRN**

WHEN I THINK of May 2, 1939, in Briggs Stadium, Detroit, I first think of a quiet clubhouse, a large clubhouse, under the stands. Even as we dressed, putting on our baseball uniforms, for some reason there was a desire to stay in the clubhouse. What it was, nobody knew, but there was a silence even too quiet for a Yankee dressing room. Usually, the fellows talked out loud, but this day they weren't talking; they were whispering.

I finished dressing, but instead of leaving the clubhouse and walking down the long ramp underneath the stands to the dugout, I sat in front of my locker, checking the leather lace in the web of my glove. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and I looked up into the eyes of Art Fletcher, the greatest coach I ever knew in baseball. He was close to me, real close, close enough to count the whiskers on his chin as he said softly, almost in a whisper, "Babe, you're playing first base today."

I was stunned. The only thing this meant to me at that moment was that after 14 uninterrupted years of play and a fantastic total of 2,130 consecutive games, Lou Gehrig, the Yankees' great first baseman, was not going to play. True, Lou had been having some early season difficulties, but no one thought there of anything like the crippling illness that was actually spreading through his body. I almost asked: "Are you kidding?" But Art was walking away. He looked back over his shoulder and said, "Good luck, Babe." I felt more taps on the back and more good wishes as I found myself walking down the ramp to the dugout and the field. I went out on the field and started tossing the ball around, warming up. Photographers were all over the field, reporters, too. They were taking Lou's picture and my picture, then one of Lou and me, and then still more.

Just before Lou was to take the lineup to Umpire Basil (Lou was our captain), he and I came face to face in the dugout. Even though we had taken several pictures together this was the first time we were alone and able to talk. I guess every kid has yearned for the opportunity that I now had, but I can truthfully say that I did not

want to play that day. I wanted my boyhood hero to go on with his streak, and I was wishing I was not there.

I didn't know how to start. I knew how Lou must feel. This whole thing must be breaking his heart, what with all the news interest building up to this terrific climax which even Lou was not ready to accept. I know there were tears in our eyes as we looked at each other, and I heard myself saying: "Come on, Lou, you better get out there, you're put me in a terrible spot." I had a choke in my voice by this time, feeling like a culprit going out there on the field in Lou's place.

Lou slapped me on the back and said, "Go on, get out there and knock in some runs." Up the dugout steps he went with the lineup, and my eyes followed him to the plate where he handed the card to Umpire Basil.

There was applause as Gehrig made his appearance. A moment later it was announced over the public address system that Lou was stopping his consecutive game streak, and as he turned from the plate to return to the dugout the fans stood up and cheered. Lou tipped his cap and grinned broadly but he couldn't get to the dugout fast enough; he was never one for applause.

When he reached the dugout, Lou headed for the drinking fountain. It was a long time before he looked up, with watery eyes, and the players looked away to yell at the Tigers in this awkward moment. I guess they were all glassy-eyed. Lou wiped his eyes with one of the big fluffy towels while nobody looked, and the game was on.

We had a field day that day in Detroit. I managed to pick up a double and a home run in the 22-2 slaughter. Detroit couldn't do anything right and we couldn't do anything wrong. I went to Lou in the seventh inning and said, "Lou, you had better get in there now and keep that streak going." He slapped me on the back and replied: "They don't need me out there; you're doing fine."

And so from the field I looked into the dugout waiting for Lou to come charging out saying, "Out of my way, I'm taking over!" But he didn't. The eighth, then the ninth inning came, but Lou kept sitting on the dugout steps, an inspiration and truly the pride of the Yankees. (ENR)



TAKING OVER, DARLHORN POKES WITH GLOVE



Triumph TR-3 Road Speed 100 mph 0-60

THIS IS THE NEW TRIUMPH TR-3 — the Greatest Sports Car Value Ever

New from the word "Go!" — this is the outstanding story of the new Triumph TR-3. New styling, new engineering, a new idea in one-place convenience: make the Roadhulk, here, the sports car buy of the year.

With all its brilliant performance on the road (0 to 50 mph in 8 seconds) — the new TR-3 fits right into every-day family life... Ideal for bringing home the groceries, running family errands. There's a new optional rear seat and plenty of luggage space in the trunk. To make get, pullen babies, your budget, too.

Zero-drive a Triumph this week-end. Try its amazing road-ability, its braking and parking ease. You'll find that, at work or play, no sports car at its price can match it.

It's a **TRIUMPH**

\$2599

plus tax and license... 8 years or miles... all models... 1964 TR-3... 1965 TR-3... 1966 TR-3...

For a used car or a new car, the only dealer who's been there to serve.



STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY, Inc.

122 East 43rd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

For more information and dealer nearest you write: West of Mississippi — Cal Sales, Inc., 1957 West 144th Street, Gardena, Calif. • East of Mississippi — South Eastern Motors, Inc., 1937 Harrison St., Hollywood, Fla. • In Canada — The Standard Motor Co. (Canada) Limited, 496 Essex Avenue, Toronto 14



New Hard Top tips off the Triumph TR-3 faster than the water runs down.



New rear seat (optional) makes TR-3 your best fun or family sports car buy.



New Gracelloy chrome grille treatment accentuates the sports car look and action.





Harry Obita, in linen knickers, lines his young pros up at Shawnee course in this summer's hottest golfwear.

THE MERCHANT PRO

Today the golf pro would rather clean up on clothes than clubs

by FRED R. SMITH

ED DUDLEY (left) is a pro in a pleasant predicament. His golf shop at Colorado Springs' Broadmoor is so filled with shirts and slacks, walking shorts, caps and shoes that there is no room any more for a practice hitting of the iron in the corner. So Big Ed is going to tear down the walls and increase the size of his shop tenfold to take care of the customers.

There are 3,200 other swingloping golf pros in the same cramped lair. In the years since the war, like it or not, they've become big-time clothing merchants. The market is lustrous: every freshman hasn't been on campus for most of the men who had a natural familiarity with the implements of golf as a result

of coddling boyhoods but who didn't know hide from lamb's wool. But with a wartime and postwar shortage of clubs, the pros had to stock apparel to keep the doors open. Then along came Jimmy Deane in purple Champion slacks and custom-made matching shoes, and along came his more conservative but equally clothes-conscious big-time cronies, and the 3 million golfers of the land were clothes-struck. The pro who had been only timidly in the clothing business was suddenly knee-deep in soft goods. And what happened? In 1948 he made 10% of his take-off on apparel. In 1953, 34% of his merchandise went out on customers' backs, and golfers have become the best-dressed participants in sport.

The merchant-pro has known—when he was the nearly popular alpine cartographer at \$40 carting customers at a mere \$13—the difference between hide and lamb's wool. And if he didn't, there would be other merchants well

equipped to tell him. One of these is Bernard Gimbel of Saks Fifth Avenue, who became so intrigued with the up-grading of golfers' taste that in 1950 he instituted a golf-pro service through his store which now supplies 600 pro shops with merchandise—and gets the Saks label into some of the country's swankiest locker rooms. Another spark source the potential was Ernie Sabayan of Hialeah, Florida, who since 1944 has developed a wholesale operation supplying pro shops with such brand names as Vestey, Palm Beach and Reed that now does a \$2 million volume annually. But perhaps the most dynamic operator in the field is a pro—Harry Obita of Fred Waring's Shawnee-on-the-Deleware. Harry turns his five-man team out for his "Swing's the Thing" golf show tailored to a tee. With every synchronized swing, the gallery gets a lesson in how to dress for golf. That free lesson is rarely an in-expensive one.

CHAD

ED DUDLEY IN HIS SHOP

Big Ed is also known as "The pro" for Fred October until May he holds forth at the Augusta National Golf Club. He's favorite course. He's on the Broadmoor A.P. from June 1 until middle of October.

GATHERING THE CROP

(continued from page 49)

Probably in no other place in the country is the question, "Which offer shall I take," asked or answered more often than in Pennsylvania. The rugged state extending from the East Coast beyond the Appalachians is by far college football's leading hunting ground. There are about 1,500 high schools playing top-quality football in Pennsylvania, and only three major state schools—Pittsburgh, Penn State and the University of Pennsylvania—share their output. Texas schools, by contrast, must supply a whole conference of top football teams.

This year 40 players from Pennsylvania high schools were selected on the first seven scholastic All-America football teams or as alternates. Of the 40 boys, only four were considered incapable of doing college work, three still have a year in high school, and three are too small for big-time college ball. Of the rest, five have been contacted by fewer than 10 colleges, six by between 10 and 25 colleges, and 19 boys by over 25 schools. Several have received queries from over 50 colleges. These are the boys with both athletic ability and good classroom marks, for although any star with a high school diploma is sought after by some schools, the bright boy is wanted by all.

Most colleges recruit players along the same general lines. They get the names of prospects from All-America and All-State lists, from alumni and friends, from local papers (the coaching staff at the University of Maryland subscribes to scores of Pennsylvania papers). Most coaches then write to the high school for the prospect's grades; if still interested, they write, telephone or send a representative—assistant coach or a local alumnus—to visit the prospect and invite him to the campus for a weekend, all expenses paid. Here is where the selling begins. And the more mail, long-distance calls and personal visits the boy receives, the more confused he gets.

"I was walking around in a daze," said Bill Popp of Steelton. Popp is a 135-pound guard and linebacker, a leader on and off the field, and an excellent student. He reached under the coffee table in his living room and began hauling out literature from colleges from Annapolis to Southern California. "I could open a travel agency," he said.

He had letters too, warm personal letters from coaches all over the country. One of them read, in part: "We have quite a few boys from Pennsy-

lania you might know, in fact about 25; therefore, you would feel right at home here at Arizona State."

"It even drove Dad crazy," Popp said. "When he walks down the street, people buttahole him, doctors, lawyers, everybody, and tell him where to send me."

In Popp's case, after he settled down, the decision was not too hard to make. Two factors were involved: he is young for college, and he wants to be an engineer. Penn State helped him get a scholarship to Mercersburg Academy for a year and offered a five-year scholarship in order to study engineering. He took it.

Paul Holloway, a 220-pound center from Germantown High School in Philadelphia, saw the country before making up his mind. Holloway is a solid, cultured boy with a B-plus average and \$1,200 in the bank. He visited West Point in his junior year, was flown down to Miami last fall. He has



JIMMY COX, 187-pound halfback, was on first team of scholastic All-America.

flown out to Kansas for a weekend. He sat on the Michigan bench for the Ohio State game. "Michigan was losing and the alumnus I was with said to watch for a great display of sportsmanship at the end of the game. Just then somebody punched somebody and they began throwing players out of the game, one after the other. Just before the game ended, the alumnus jumped up and said, 'Let's go watch the fight!'"

Holloway's worst trip was to Southern California. "An alumnus flew me out there and we spent Saturday morning walking around the campus. Sunday afternoon he talked with some old friends. Saturday night we went to a movie. Sunday morning we walked

over the campus again and then we flew back home. Six thousand miles I have to fly just to go to the movie."

By spring Holloway was bored with travel. He decided to go to the University of Pennsylvania, right at home. He intends to become a salesman and go on into sales management, so he'll take a business course. And playing in Philadelphia will help him with contacts. He could afford to go on his own — "but wouldn't it be kind of silly to begin a business career by paying for something you can get free?"

A high school athlete can, under the National Collegiate Athletic Association regulations, get room, board, tuition and a few dollars a month for laundry. Some conferences are tighter; the Big Seven for instance, requires the athlete to work for his laundry money, and even then he can't get more than \$15 a month.

There are abuses, of course, but none of the Pennsylvania boys ever heard of anything remotely approximating the \$1,000 bonuses occasionally reported but never proved. Fifteen dollars a week, or, in a couple of cases, \$100 a month, was the highest offer any boy admitted receiving. Ernie Westwood, president of the student council at Clairton High, 6 feet 2 and 230 pounds, Player of the Year of the Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League, was indignant at the idea.

"I can truthfully say that I have not had one illegal offer from a single school north of the Mason-Dixon line!" he said.

Paying transportation costs, although banned, seems to be considered ethical. California schools offer a basic minimum of three round trips per year by air, and a plane trip to one game per year for the parents. Other schools are less specific, as the alumnus of Southern California who approached Earl (Bud) Kohlhaas, a young giant who was all-conference center for four years at Mechanicsburg. "He told me I'd get \$100 a month from the school, \$75 more from some alumnus," Kohlhaas said. "He said I'd get six tickets to the Rose Bowl game and I could sell them for \$100 apiece. He said I'd get \$5 an hour for being in the movies, \$25 if I did any action. He said the Pennsylvania schools were all lousy and they wouldn't do anything for me. Then he muttered something about how I'd pay my own room and board. After he left and the smoke blew away, I tried to figure out what it all added up to. How much dorm room and board cost out there, anyway? How do I know Southern Calif

going to the Rose Bowl? And I bet that Coach Rip Engle of Penn State doesn't go out to California and tell high school boys what lousy colleges they have. So that's where I'm going, Penn State."

Penn State, incidentally, is one school that's shined-pure this year. As an assistant coach tiredly told a boy who was holding out for under-the-table aid: "Look, I'll spell it out for you. This is an election year and the president of Penn State is named Eisenhower."

Next to the Service academies, Ivy League schools offer the most as far as cash value is concerned. Kostechnik was approved for a five-year scholarship at Cornell at \$1,750 a year, or a total of \$8,750 (for \$2,750 Oklahoma can put a whole side of the line on the field) and a four-year scholarship at Princeton for \$1,500 a year plus a \$400 job in the dining hall. A local Princeton alumna is arranging a good job for summer vacation time.

"I'm going to Princeton," Kostechnik said, "but I really don't know what finally made up my mind. I wish I could go to both."

Sometimes it is a small thing that helps a player make up his mind. Westwood wants to go into electrical engineering. He also wants to play the best brand of football, and he had been leaning toward Michigan. A Michigan alumnus, high up in Westinghouse, has offered him his pick of three summer jobs in the nuclear-energy field. But recently Westwood visited the University of Pittsburgh. What fascinated him there was the way training-table boys went up to the huge containers of milk and helped themselves. Westwood likes milk. Things are looking bad for Michigan.

Angelo Cola, a high-scoring halfback from Philadelphia, had another reason for making his choice. At some of the schools he had visited no one had made him go to Mass on Sunday. Then one day he filled in a questionnaire for The Citadel.

A few days later Al Davis, The Citadel's coach, showed up and took Cola out to dinner. They spent five hours together, with Davis asking Cola every hour on the hour if he really could run the hundred in 10 seconds. Actually, Cola thinks he can do 9.8. Convinced, Davis invited Cola down for a weekend. Cola liked the place at once. He met General Mark Clark, the president, and on Sunday morning he was hauled out of bed and taken to Mass. He was given a jacket with "The Citadel" on it in blue, and the thing is threadbare al-



TED DEAN, 200-pound halfback and linebacker from Bryan Miner, helps his mother bear honey for a cake. Dean still hasn't decided which college will he will accept.

ready. Angelo Cola has found a home.

There is such a home for every boy; the job is in finding it. Even for the athlete to whom football is the paramount concern the choice is not easy. Jimmy Cox of Collingdale High School, a running halfback who scored 207 points last season and who can also play defense, was first-team All-American. Cox wants to play professionally after he's through college, and his problem was to find the right place where he could learn most about the game. Finally his coach, Jack Conley, took over and sent him out to Pitt where they're going all out to build a team. Cox came back sold.

"Look," he explained, "they had an unbeaten freshman team last fall, and a lot of sophomores. You ought to see the linemen they've got—monsters! The way I see it, they're losing most of their good backs after next year. Maybe I can fit in as a sophomore! They've taken over a big apartment-hotel there, the Schenley Park, for the football players, and it's a real classy layout—bedroom, sitting room, the works. You get your choice of food at meal time—at dumps like Penn State you got to eat what they give you. And I can get married too."

A boy's coach exerts great influence on his choice of a school, even if it's only which school not to attend. Most colleges, the coaches in Pennsylvania say, stand behind their scholarship offer even if the boy doesn't make the team or gets hurt his first day at prac-

tice. This is not only altruism, it's sheer good business. Maryland, for example, has been getting good boys out of Pennsylvania for years because of its reputation for fair treatment of the players.

Some colleges, however, the tramp schools or football factories, have been known to bring in more freshmen than they can possibly use and keep only the best. The boys who don't make the grade—or who get injured—lose their scholarships. Their dreams of a college education are shot right then.

If the kids insist on going to these schools, more and more coaches are beginning to demand written contracts, signed by the head coach of the college, for their players. But Murrey Guttman, a red-hot left-handed quarterback from Chantrel High School, sought after by 50 schools, pulled the cockiest stunt yet. He received a contract for a four-year scholarship signed by the head coach of a southern university.

Guttman sent it back for the president's signature.

Some boys don't have Guttman's choice of schools, but they still manage to make out all right. Take John Meegan of Dunbar High School, a hideous yellow building overlooking the slag heap of a played-out mine. Meegan, a boy from a broken home in a dying town, doesn't have the best grades in the world, nor has his attendance record been perfect, due to

continued on next page

GATHERING THE CROP

continued from page 71

an unstable home life. But Morgan is a football player—a 6-foot 10 inch, 190-pound fullback. In one game he carried the ball 14 times in 18 plays, moving it from his own two-yard line to the opponent's one-yard line, when time ran out.

And so there is a college education for John Morgan too. He liked Pitt and West Virginia, but it was the southerners who really sized him up right. This boy wanted a little soft talk, friendliness, kindness—call it southern hospitality. John has visited Georgia and Kentucky, and plans to see Florida before making up his mind. He didn't seem to be holding out for anything, just a little happiness, long overdue. And transportation is not a problem to him.

"They don't have to get me back," Morgan said recently. "When I get down south I'm staying. That's gonna be here."

Driving through those football-crazy towns of western Pennsylvania, along the Allegheny and the Monongahela and the Youngbush river valleys, saw wild, green and beautiful, surrounded with mines and slag heaps and grimy factories, you see why Pennsylvania turns out so many good players. For many it is the only escape.

Francis Dobrowski of Natrona (Har-Brack High School) is a lean, intense, kered-up boy, the outstanding lineman in the Allegheny valley. Opponents gained only 25 yards round his end in 10 games. Dobrowski's father, a big, 280-pounder who came to America from Poland and still prefers to speak Polish around the house, works in the sheet room of a steel mill. There, in 110° heat, he lifts the heavy, orange-hot sheets, straining, lifting with his thighs and his back, eight hours a day. Dobrowski the son will try something else.

"The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company is a couple of miles from home," Dobrowski said. "Their personnel manager makes \$12,000 a year. At Allegheny Steel, the personnel man there makes \$14,000 a year. That much dough for getting other people to work! That's for me—business management, personnel."

A teammate of Dobrowski's, Jim Staley, is an affable rooster, 329 pounds worth. He has been asked to play three different positions—fullback, center and tackle—during his high school career, and has met the challenge of each. Consequently, he

has confidence in himself. He will go to any college that will put him in a football uniform.

Both Jim Staley and Dobrowski have benefited by their coach, Ken Karl, who works hard for his players. Karl frequently accompanies his boys when they visit a campus. He wants to know just exactly what each college promises, and from some he wants to see it in writing. Karl goes into exhaustive detail; at Indiana, for example, his boys will be allowed tutors in three subjects, at \$3 per hour per tutor.

Karl is also a godsend to the small college which can't afford to keep scouts on the road looking for players. Each year, however, from this one high school, Karl sends eight or 10 boys off to college, not only to big schools, but to *Juriana* and *Brandeis*, to *Theil* and *Gettysburg*. He is prouder of placing Dick Smith and Larry Wild last year than he is of the two boys selected by the Air Force Academy in that same year. Smith is a 150-pound quarterback, Wild a 185-pound center, and neither had top grades. But Karl found a place for them at Elon College in North Carolina, and boys and college are all three doing well.

High school principals in Pennsylvania by no means resent the college educations being passed out to athletes. "How do you think we got ours?" said William E. Doldie, principal of the Connellsville High School and president of the WFLA. "I went to Alle-

gheny College on a full scholarship, and that's the only way I could have made it. It's much better today than it was then. Of 25 boys on athletic scholarship in my freshman year, only four went on to graduate. Today most colleges invest their time and trouble only on boys with the mentality and character to get a degree. No, the only thing I resent is coaches barging in here at all times expecting us to run to get Eddie Kostelnik out of class for them."

DWEE ITINERARY

Mr. Doldie grinned. "And," he said, "I admit that I am getting a little tired of filling out all these applications. I thought Eddie would never make up his mind. Let's see"—he began looking through his memorandum book—"here they are. VMI, Princeton, Yale, Denver, Detroit, Cornell, Penn State, Maryland, North Carolina—he's been admitted to North Carolina—Columbia and Pittsburgh twice. The other day he came up to me with a new one—Duke, I think. 'Eddie,' I said, 'are you really going to Duke?' Eddie thought a minute. 'Well, no sir,' he said. 'But they were very nice to me.' I just handed it back to him."

Everybody was nice to Andy Sepel too. Sepel, a 6-foot, 190-pound fullback from Brownsville, received queries from 50-odd schools, visited a dozen and liked every one he saw. His father, a college coach himself at California (Pa.) Teachers, advised him only to



THE BASIC DIFFERENCE
Sirs:

It is not my custom to write to the editor, but I would like to express to you the deep sense of satisfaction that your magazine has given me.

Your May 14 issue is a good example, but almost any issue would provide equal evidence of the unique appeal of *SI*. Let me also mention the features, large and small, that speak means way above average in quality:

John P. Marquand's letter about the Derby was, of course, outstanding. For years I have read newspaper and magazine coverage of the Derby, and I did not think it possible for any writer to make an entirely fresh approach. Marquand did, superbly.

The Joan Flynn Dwyer article on Babe and George Zaharias was poignant without being sloppy. I was going to pass this up, but I started reading and went all the way through.

Harold Sutton's discussion of the Houston Oilers was done so well that I would like to take off for a visit, if there weren't so many Russians around.

The three paragraphs about the proposal to name a park for Bernard DeVoto illustrate the caliber of your coverage. The more of that, the better, from my viewpoint.

Edith Standhardt's little poem, *Game Postponed*, left me with a prolonged smile.

Your cartoons deserve more superlatives than I can readily still to mind. Dellini's "No-errone No Inquire In Camp" is the best of things that one would see come off if Dellini weren't so preoccupied with adolescent children. Mr. Capar is in a class by himself, far removed from the mold of stereotyped cartoon art, consistently offering grown-up humor.

And that leads me to what I have mentioned in the basic difference between your magazine and others in the sports field: editorial maturity. The fact is, I suppose, that anyone interested in sports is half man, half boy, give or subtract a few

percentage points, either way. The average sports editor caters to the boy, offering a slice diet to the man. You are operating on the flatterer theory that your readers have come of age. You assume that we have sufficiently developed taste to take Marquand, Agard and the rest of your high-level contributors. I hope you are right and I think you are.

JOHN K. ROSS-DUNNAN
Long Beach, Calif.

REQUIRED READING
Sirs:

Whitney Tower's article *Beating the Odds* (*SI*, June 4), was the most sensible that I have ever read. It should be reprinted in all editions of the *Form* and the *Massachusetts Telegraph*.

VERNA LORAIN
Youngstown, Ohio

YOU CAN BEAT THE RACES
Sirs:

Mr. Tower is the usual sage who, when he makes the races "can't be beaten." He is right, in that I have never found a way to beat them at the track, where there are too many temptations. He is wrong, however, in another sense, because by playing "spot plays" at illegal off-track sources, and by wagering on all tracks listed in the *Mass Form*, I, and many others, have been able to make a consistent profit. The only fly in the ointment is the "illegality" of making off-track bets. As any confirmed horse player knows, it is getting tougher and tougher to find a bookie. So I may as well have some form of legalized bookmaking. The Nevada system, with its 10% tax on all wagers, is ridiculous. Certainly some sensible legislation could be set up with a one percent or at the most 2% tax on wagers. Believe me, then you'd see how much tax money you could save and get a true bidding of off-track betting.

Back to "you can't beat 'em." Ninety-nine percent of all horse players don't use their heads at any time. They can't take strings of consecutive losses and don't stick

to good systems. I have at various times bet some 10 straight losses and still lost the morning. And anytime the editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* refuse to believe the races can be beaten, I will gladly give them my system for free. I know enough about horse players to realize that some of them would stick to my method.

JOHN ARNOLD
Oakland, Calif.

• The editors await the system. —ED.

SECOND LOOK
Sirs:

Your SPORT IN ART article and the four pictures from our sporting art collection in the June 4 issue have created quite a bit of interest among the members. Although the pictures have been hanging in the club since late 1951, many members seem not to have noticed them, particularly until now!

You might be interested to know, too, that already we have received several letters from art lovers as far away as the state of Texas.

MARGARET F. HICK
Manager
The University Club
Washington, D.C.

HOW COME?
Sirs:

Cleveland is an American League town, and our local newspapers carry only major information on National League teams. Last week in a wire service report I read that a Cubs pitcher had tossed four batters in one inning. I promptly assumed it to be a typographical error. Now *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (*SI*, June 4) says the same thing. Please tell me how come. Who was not the inning over when the third man batted?

CLEVELAND
STEVE LEMACH

• The Cubs' Jim Davis did indeed strike out four men in one inning, but Bobie Landtrich, his catcher, dropped

MR. CAPAR

by AJAY



©AJAY

a third strike, allowing St. Louis' Lindy McDaniel to reach first. St. Louis won the game 12-2.—ED.

NATURAL WONDER

Sirs: The Countess of Ranfurly can have her 228-pound blue-fin turn fish any day—I'll take Sam, the boat's mate (Tues. Island, 21, May 24). What a haul of man!

The Bahamas Chamber of Commerce is being very lax in not advertising Sammy as a tourist attraction. Unexcuse.

CAROL B. MONTGOMERY

New York



(SAM CARABARELLI)

■ Samuel Leo Carabarelli (see picture) has been something of a tourist attraction around the southern ports that cater to the big sport fishing boats for the last two years. But Sam was reared in Providence, R.I., one of a family of 13, whose 12 surviving children are scattered widely around the country. Sam comes by his muscles honestly. All his life, outgoing, good-natured Sam has been a physical fitness fan (weight lifting, judo) and an enthusiastic, if somewhat absent-minded, athlete (baseball, football). At the University of Rhode Island Sam raised his chances to make the football team when, in the freshman game against Brown, an opposition back ran 66 yards for a touchdown over Sam's side. Sam, dreamily warming the bench, had forgotten his coach's orders to get in the game.—ED.

CORPUS CHRISTI TO N.Y. TO L.A.

Sirs:

Track fans in Bobby Morrow's home town of San Benito, Texas depend largely on the Corpus Christi Caller for their day-to-day elsewhere. Consequently a lot of us were somewhat resentful when writer-rich SI took Roy Terrell, the Caller's sports columnist, away from south Texas.

My resentment disappeared when I read Ray's classic description of the rain-soaked dash in Den Moore's. On reading *Superman* in *Splash* (SI, June 4) I am now downright grateful.

Being a Northwestern U. man, a red-

head and a San Benito, I got torn when trying to choose the winner among Goldy, Sam and Morrow. However, I am inclined to favor the Texan over the young man from New Jersey when they meet in a dual in the sun. Whatever the outcome I want Ray to tell me about it.

R. L. BLACKMAN

San Benito, Texas

■ Roy Terrell admits feeling one twinge of professional reluctance at leaving his native Texas to write for SI; less opportunity to watch a great young sprinter named Bobby Morrow, whom Terrell had been writing about since the Olympic hopeful was a junior in San Benito High School. But it turned out well: Terrell not only found Dave Sims but will get to see Morrow again. When the two get together this June 16th weekend Terrell will be there—and will tell Mr. Bucklin all about it in SI, June 23.—ED.

WILL BOWEN PLEASE STEP FORWARD

Sirs:

On route from Bishop to South Pasadena, Calif. last Saturday, June 2, a car drove past us and cut a bundle, which we believed at first to be trash. It turned out to be a new glove, wet, with two baseballs in the pocket—all tightly bound with a cord it is Bern's recipe (SI, April 5).

Question: can SI play the role of lost & found department by printing this information? Perhaps the boy who lost this glove will read about his recovery and we can return it to him promptly.

Once we had discovered the true nature of the "bundle," we notified the police in Lone Pine, and we tried to chase the vehicle but it was too late.

With three Little Leaguers in my family you can imagine their interest in the outcome of this search!

Congratulations on maintaining the high quality of sports accounting you established at the start of your publication. We feel rewarded in being a charter subscriber.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT K. WALKER
South Pasadena, Calif.

■ SI is glad to play lost & found department, and hopes for a speedy recovery of the now well-assumed glove by its rightful owner.—ED.

NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW . . .

Sirs:

Are the Smith twins seen in HOTBOX (SI, May 14) the same boys who, when the Army Air Corps was flying the mail, were called to active duty and assigned to a mail route north from Chicago?

WILLIAM L. BAUMANN

Tacoma, Wash.

■ Len and Lee Smith did indeed fly the mail on that Chicago-Minneapolis-Fargo route 22 years ago and recall that sometimes there was more ice on their wings than mail in the hold.—ED.

AN OPINION FROM KENTUCKY

Sirs:

In HOTBOX of April 26 the question who would win if the last 10 Derby winners

were matched, brought out some very peculiar answers.

Hobbs Brown must have been absent-minded when he stated that Swaps could have beaten Whirlaway's record if he had been pushed. Didn't Nashua run at Swaps in the stretch, in fact pull almost head and head? He was pressed plenty but had enough left to come on again. And speaking of Swaps being extended, what time would Whirlaway have posted in if he had been pushed? He was by almost eight lengths in 2:40 2/5. He could have put the record further out of sight if something had run at him like Nashua did Swaps.

The only reason Walter Jacobs picks Count Tuff, in my opinion, is the fact that he runs a restaurant, as did the owner of Count Tuff, Jack Arnold. Don't let it ever be said that all bartenders don't stick together.

GARSON MOORE

Paducah, Ky.

ORIGINAL SOURCE

Sirs:

In reading your HOTBOX question ("How would you compare lacrosse to football?" SI, May 28) I am sorry you overlooked the only man that I know of who was both an All-America football player and an All-America lacrosse player. He is Reddy Finney who made both of them All-America teams at Princeton in 1944-45.

CHAS. H. WARR, JR., M.D.
Thomasville, Ga.



PRINCETON'S REDDY FINNEY

■ Says Reddy Finney (see picture), now a teacher at the Gilman School in Baltimore: "Lacrosse is a much simpler game. Any good football player can pick up the fundamentals of lacrosse and become a reasonably good player. The reverse is not true because of football's complexity." But since his college days Finney has turned to a new sport to the exclusion of all others: Reddy Finney and his very new wife are ardent golfers.—ED.



Clarin Hays

PEG & M. R. J. WYLLIE

Outstanding husband-wife team in the booming sports car racing field are the Wyllies of Allison Park, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh. Both won at the recent Cumberland (Md.) national championship events—he in his Lotus Mark IX-A (racer), she in her Jaguar XK 140 MC. Born in South Africa, Malcolm Robert Jesse Wyllie earned his doctorate in chemical engineering at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship, now

is a director of the Gulf Oil Research and Development Corp. The Wyllies met when both were studying at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore after the war. In addition to collecting sports car trophies (they have 60-odd in their Allison Park den) the Wyllies raise and train Arabian horses. The Wyllie children (a boy, Ashton, 6; a girl, Peta, 3) can't wait to ride and drive like mommy and daddy.

What? Gin 'n Nothing?



Yes, when it's Fleischmann's, the gin so smooth you'll like it straight!



And gin that smooth makes perfect mixed drinks every time!

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 40 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

You'll want everyone to know...



The gentleman with the Parliaments lure will have quite a tale to tell when he gets home. For now he knows that even mermaids know there's something special about Parliaments.

And you, too, will appreciate the crush-proof cigarette case . . . the superb tobacco . . . the luxurious flavor . . . and above all, the exclusive Mouthpiece that keeps the filter deeply recessed away from your lips. With Parliaments, *only the flavor touches your lips!*

You're so smart to smoke **Parliaments**



ONLY THE FLAVOR

... TOUCHES YOUR LIPS